

IRELAND TO-DAY

SOCIAL • ECONOMIC • NATIONAL • CULTURAL

MARCH 1937

VOL. 2 NO. 3

CONTENTS

| | | |
|---|----------------------------|----|
| EDITORIAL | IRELAND TO-DAY | 1 |
| FOREIGN COMMENTARY I. | MICHAEL O'NEILL-KING | 5 |
| FOREIGN COMMENTARY II. | OWEN S. SKEFFINGTON | 9 |
| THE CRAFTSMAN'S DEFEAT AT KINSALE | PADRAIG MACSUIBNE, S.O. | 13 |
| NATIONAL CONTROL OF WATER RESOURCES | DONAL MCCARTHY | 22 |
| THE CELTIC REVIVAL IN CORNWALL | PADRAIG K. O'HORAN | 27 |
| <i>Poems</i> : LITTLE ELEGY | DENIS DEVLIN | |
| EASTER WEEK | BRIAN MCCRUDDEN | 33 |
| ENGLAND AND IRELAND | JAMES DEVANE | 35 |
| <i>Amhrain</i> : NA LEANNÁIN | D. O'DOBHAILEIN | 44 |
| TÓRAMH | d'Aistrigh o'n bhFrainncis | |
| AMORTISATION OF THE TRIBUTES | THE GOBÁN SAOR | 45 |
| <i>Short Story</i> : AUNT SUZANNE | MICHAEL MCLAVERTY | 48 |
| <i>Letter of the Month</i> : IRISH IN THE SCHOOLS | SHEILA G. KENNEDY | 58 |
| ART: EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY | JOHN DOWLING | 61 |
| MUSIC: ACADEMIES AND PROFESSORS | EAMONN O GALLCHOBHAIR | |
| THEATRE: AN ABBEY WITH TWO GATES AND A PEACOCK | SEÁN O MEÁDHRA | 67 |
| A DRAMATIC TOUR OF IRELAND | LORD LONGFORD | |
| FILM: THE ART OF FRITZ LANG | LIAM O LAOGHAIRE | 71 |
| CORRESPONDENCE SECTION | | 76 |
| BOOK SECTION: | EDWARD SHEEHY | 78 |
| <i>Reviews by</i> DANIEL CORKERY, DR. S. O'CEALLAIGH, PROF. W. F. TRENCH, SEAMUS PENDER, LAURENCE ROSS, BLANAID SALKELD, DR. A. J. LEVENTHAL, H. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON, PROF. ALOYS FLEISCHMANN, SEAN O'MEADHRA, M. O'NEILL-KING, NIALL SHERIDAN and others. | | |
| THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT | DENIS BARRY | 84 |
| <i>Cover Design by</i> SEAN O'SULLIVAN, R.H.A. | | |

The copyright and all rights of reproduction and translation of articles published in IRELAND TO-DAY are reserved by the Proprietors.

Responsibility for the statements in the articles in IRELAND TO-DAY attaches only to the writers.

The Editors will gladly consider for publication articles, short stories or poems. In the event of unsuitability, every effort will be made to return MSS. if a stamped addressed envelope be provided.

Single copies—monthly, 1/-; post paid, 1/4. Prepaid subscriptions: 14/- per annum; 7/3, six months; 3/9, three months, post free. U.S.A. 4\$

All communications to be addressed to the Editorial and Publishing Offices, 49 Stafford Street, Dublin. Telephone: 22655

ONE SHILLING

NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

REV. PATRICK MCSWINEY, C.C., M.A., *Member of the County Cork Vocational Committee, who are planning the erection of a Technical School at Kinsale.*

DONAL MCCARTHY, B.Sc. (Hons.), *a student of Economics with a practical interest in administrative affairs and large scale development.*

REV. PADRAIG K. O'HORAN, *poet and essayist, Vicar of Emmanuel Parish, Nottingham ; Member of Folklore and Irish Genealogical Research Societies. Served with Dublin Brigade, I.R.A.*

DENIS DEVLIN *here makes a study in the emergence of baffled recollection. The translations from the modern French are from a collection made in collaboration with Niall Montgomery.*

BRIAN MCCRUDDEN, *a young Belfast poet, already known through our magazine.*

DR. JAMES DEVANE *has written a historical survey of the Anglo-Irish Question, to be published shortly, under the title Isle of Destiny.*

THE GOBÁN SAOR, *essayist on social and economic subjects, author of Economics for Ourselves.*

MICHAEL MCLAVERTY, *teacher in a Belfast School ; short-story writer of note and promise ; included in Edward J. O'Brien's Best Short Stories of 1936.*

SHEILA G. KENNEDY, M.A. *of University College, Cork ; at present Lecturer in History, University College, Galway.*

THE EARL OF LONGFORD, M.A., *of Oxford ; Director and Chairman of the Dublin Gate Theatre Company since 1931 ; formed in 1936 his own company Longford Productions, which has played throughout Ireland and in London ; author of plays : Yahoo, Ascendancy, Armlet of Jade, etc.*

The regular features are conducted by the Editors of the several sections

Foreign Commentary .. OWEN S. SKEFFINGTON, B.A., D.PH.

Art JOHN DOWLING, B.A., B.D.S.

Music EAMONN O GALLCHOBHAIR

Theatre SEÁN O MEÁDHRA

Film LIAM O LAOGHAIRE

Books EDWARD SHEEHY, M.A.

EDITORIAL

THE safe emergence of Mr. de Valera's Government from every crisis of the past five years has created an atmosphere of stability and a buoyancy which was becoming less disturbed and more widespread until the revolt in Spain not only brought unprecedented havoc to that country, but sapped the pillars of our common social fabric everywhere. The spirit of recklessness that has sacrificed hundreds of thousands of lives to a militarist gamble seems to be infecting some of our people who menace us with a country that will, of design, be split from top to bottom. It will be a bad day for the cause these people profess to hold dear, if they should succeed in regimenting politically a people that is virtually homogeneous as to creed, by representing as religious a conflict which bears all the stamp of a political genesis.

●

The election prospects in the Twenty-six Counties will therefore be studied with great interest, North and South, on account of the interpolation of this unknown factor. One party, wakened out of a coma which usually presages the end, has taken new life from the home repercussions of the international situation, but it has been wholeheartedly attacked alike by the Government and by Independents for its unscrupulous exploitation of religion for party advantage. It is this wholly new, international and ideological tinge which will add colour to our otherwise drab elections.

Other events, more purely political, will loom large—participation in or reaction towards the Imperial Conference and the Coronation in England, as well as the growing impingement of imperial defence matters on our placid shores. If action is contemplated in these matters which would be likely to prove unpopular with the electorate, then the election would have to precede these events. This would make it very early indeed, and, incidentally, hot on the heels of the Budget. But if, as we must hope, and as the attitude of "detachment and protest" would imply, there will be no compromise on basic principles, then the Elections *may* be as far off as semi-official declarations suggest. If Mr. De Valera is in any doubt as to the answer of the Irish people upon any of these issues, let him apply his own formula and search into the depths of his own heart

Governments which succeed reactionary governments are faced either with whole-hog displacement of key-men, which inevitably is accompanied by a period of instability and chaos that may unseat them, or with the acceptance of a lukewarm or hostile army, judiciary and civil service which may prevent their policy being implemented or may cause it to be watered down. The glaring example of such a *débaclé* in modern times was the thoroughly frustrated and short-lived government of the Social Democrats in Germany under Ebert. The situation in America where the Judiciary consistently blocked President Roosevelt's policy, has not been without interest for us. His handling of the problem had an attendant element of humour which in no way diminished its effectiveness.

●

A contemporary has been taken to task for misleading the *Osservatore Romano* into thinking—and propagating—that 204,000 members of Irish Trades Unions “tacitly support Communism.” We spoke last month of the real terror that faces this country—ignorance—and in it we include all wild talk and panicky exhortations and reproofs which cannot fail to be pernicious in their effects. We have had of late much reason to ask, where is Charity. Now, we must ask where is Prudence, that handmaid of all the virtues. Ignorance, relieved by instruction or ignorance left alone and no great harm done, but ignorance played upon, may rouse to insensate fury, like a lynching mob, so that no thing will be safe and the holocaust will be universal. When therefore words are bandied about in crowds or promulgated to large numbers is it too much to plead that only such terms as are clearly understood shall be employed?

●

Indifference, no less than fury or hate, should have no place, when consideration is given to prisons and prison reform, a subject on which we have written before. Prisons, like tuberculosis and mental asylums, constitute a subject walled in by taboos in this country. It is considered somewhat *gauche* and impolite even to discuss the subject. Mr. Hall Caine, however, in the English Parliament, raised the whole question of the treatment of prisoners in solitary confinement and did good by the very ventilation of the subject. Is it too soon to think that such issues as solitary confinement and capital punishment might be investigated on a basis of principle.

The issue does not perhaps arise here now, though a small but related point has been brought to our notice. The principal of our political prisoners, at the moment, a man of intelligence and integrity, had ordered *Ireland To-Day*, which for a few issues was delivered. It then ceased and we are informed it was singled out for exclusion. We are sure that to record this is sufficient to ensure that the authorities will revoke the decision of the official responsible.

●

The ferocity of the suppression of the natives of Abyssinia prompts us, as due to humanity, to pay our last salute to those in defeat. Abyssinia, because of the relations which many here are desirous of entering into with Italy, has been a rather uncomfortable subject and the conclusion of the war proper evoked from them nothing but relief. But by liberal-minded people, not to speak of practising Christians, the unholy manner of this conquest should not be too readily forgotten. The bible-in-hand imperialism of Fascist Italy is a thinly-veiled as any of its prototypes. It follows the same blood-smeared trail of plunder and extermination. Just as the Elgin marbles, Cleopatra's Needle, and the columns removed by the Roman emperors, so now an Abyssinian obelisk of great beauty and massive dimensions is being removed from Axum to Italy. The old tale will be repeated and Abyssinian children in 1950 will learn that their country had no culture until their barbarism was enlightened by Caesar's successors.

●

Belfast in particular and the Six Counties generally are in a state of irritation at the moment, and such a time should be the statesman's opportunity. Acute dissatisfaction with their Government is years overdue, but what with unemployment that affects one-third of their insurable workers, re-armament booms that do not reverberate sufficiently near the Lagan, the possibility of conscription, the conviction that their Government is a callous oligarchy, the ever-present sore of an unfairly-treated, nationalist and substantial minority, crowned by a sense of severance from their traditions and roots, which is far worse than the mere limblessness of the twenty-six counties—all combine at this juncture to drive home the ideal of national unity.

Examples of irritating influences operating are : (a) the conflict arising out of governmental "thimble-rigging" which passes on

charges proper to the central government and the taxpayer (and therefore the whole *electorate*) to the local authorities and the ratepayer ; (b) the unsatisfactory linen position, which holds the fortunes of 70,000 workers ; in a rationalised state of the *whole* of Ireland, two million pounds worth of flax could be grown in certain of the twenty-six counties to satisfy this market ; (c) so great is the penetration of English goods and high-grade labour, that what is not yet recognised as a deliberately fostered intensification of Anglicising influence and prestige, makes it virtually impossible for a Belfast *Protestant* graduate to secure a post as teacher in his own country. Preference has been given undisguisedly to Englishmen and indeed the advertisements for the posts sometimes ensure that this result shall be attained.

The presidential address at the Irish Labour Party Conference contained some useful strictures on the control of industries and timely emphasis was laid on the factor which we shall term community value. This factor is introduced by the operation of protective tariffs, which, primarily responsible for many industries, demand a sacrifice from the whole people, as in the case of site values, which owe their increase to population movements and the accident of community aggregation. A few sound words were devoted to public utility corporations, of which not a few, and they thoroughly respectable, are now in the country. With the condemnation of collective ownership so much in the air, people should be clear on the meanings of nationalization and such terms.

A meeting of a different sort stressed the evils of too many shops. We seem to remember a commission a few years ago which found that the twenty-six southern counties of Ireland, with one shop for every 78 citizens, were guilty of a multiplicity of distributive centres which took first place in the whole of Europe. With the housing shortage still acute, there should be a restriction on the further building of shops, at least in built-up areas.

FOREIGN COMMENTARY I

THE position of Czechoslovakia, the outstanding democracy of central Europe, in these days none too happy. The threat to her security and to her very existence from the side of Germany, is certain and immediate; and there are some signs that a change in her relationship with her old friends of the Little Entente may soon take place. Hitler's speech of the 30th January, noteworthy in several respects, was not least notable because of its mention of friendly relations with every State around Czechoslovakia and its omission of any reference to that country. The obvious conclusion to be drawn from that omission is in this instance the right one. The speech, which may fairly be said to cover the Nazi programme in so far as that Government is willing to give open expression to its aims, contained both a reiteration of the determination of the Third Reich to oppose Bolshevism in all its forms and an assertion that kindly treatment of minorities is, in the opinion of the German Government, one of the best conditions for peace. On both these grounds Germany has a quarrel with Czechoslovakia which since 1935 has had an alliance with Russia and, since its foundation, has had within its borders a German population of over three millions. German opposition goes deeper than either of those causes. The desire for expansion towards the South East has long been a guiding principle of free German foreign policy. This principle was given logical expression in *Mein Kampf*, and that the wind is still blowing in the same direction was shown by the covetous references made to the Ukraine in the Party Congress of September last at Nuremberg. The denunciation by Germany in November of the international waterways provisions of the Versailles Treaty chiefly affected Czechoslovakia, much of whose external traffic passes through the Oder and the Elbe. The Soviet Treaty is, however, a very useful stick which German propagandists have not ceased to use in beating their southern neighbour. The charge is that Czechoslovakia has been erecting numerous well-equipped aerodromes in the vicinity of the German frontier which will serve as bases for an eventual Russian attack on the Reich. It is of little consequence that Czechoslovakia has offered to allow an inspection of the suspected areas by the British and German air attachés in Prague: the offer has been rejected by Germany on the specious ground that such an inspection would only reveal what it was desired should be seen. Herr Henlein's Sudeten-Deutsch party, on the

other hand, has not suffered any serious drawbacks in Czechoslovak life. The very presence of such a large element of fellow-countrymen in a state bordering on its own territory is, however, a natural source of irritation to the Germans.

The Czechoslovak Minister to Bucharest was lately recalled by his Government to Prague "for a discussion of recent events." Among these events is the appearance of a book from that Minister's pen purporting to set out the best policy for Czechoslovakia to follow. The book, which contends that Czechoslovakia's policy should be directed as far as possible towards close collaboration with France and Russia and towards securing a common frontier with the latter power, has aroused considerable excitement in most East European countries, in particular Poland and Rumania. The former has, ironically enough, for long had the expressed intent on of achieving, at the expense of Czechoslovakia, a common frontier with Hungary; and last year the two States conducted wordy warfare over the small but rich strip of territory known as Teschen, famous as the object of Lloyd George's informative question at the Peace Conference, and where a Polish Consul in 1935 gave vent to some very seditious language. Rumania, on the other hand, one of the three members of the Entente since 1921, and recently drawn into much closer relations with Poland as a result of its Foreign Minister's visit to Warsaw, is definitely anti-Russian in policy. It is one of the chief remaining bulwarks of the Orthodox Church, but, apart from the religious question, it is fearful of Russian designs on Bessarabia whose annexation by Rumania in 1917 has never been acquiesced in by the Soviets.

The Little Entente has owed its origin and continued existence solely to motives of self-interest. Those motives were originally of an exclusively political nature as, of the states composing the alliance, two, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, arose as a result of the Great War, while the third was, in its post-war form, because of the extensive territory gained by the war, radically different from the Rumania of pre-war years. In the early days of their collaboration the three countries of the Little Entente, acting in close concert, could, and in fact, did, prove a sufficient military deterrent to all attempts on the part of any central European state to upset the status quo. The emergence of the Third Reich and in particular its military rehabilitation in the past two years have, however, introduced a quite new element into the situation, and, as far as the Entente is concerned, radically altered the circumstances from which it grew. Prior to 1933 the important power in central and

south eastern Europe was France, which indeed had a monopoly of interference. It was French goods, French arms, French money and French friendship which were valued by those countries. Now, however, Germany has come into the middle of the picture and looks very likely to stay. Last summer saw the extraordinary spectacle of Dr. Schacht, as ambassador for a very much debtor country, going from court to court in the Balkans and returning with fat orders for German manufacturers. Rumania has, in many ways, fallen most strongly under the new German influence. In the Iron Guard she possesses an organisation modelled on that of the Nazis and in friendly relations with the party. The organisation is, of course, strongly nationalist, and includes in its programme all the planks of an independent Rumanian policy, the more necessary in Rumania in that most of the exploitation of her vast resources has so far been carried out by foreign companies. For many years Germany has been easily the first country in the lists of Rumanian foreign trade, and, while Rumania will not become a vassal state, the friendship of Germany, as a Great Power, can flatter Rumania in a manner which France, the erstwhile protector of the Little Entente, with a necessarily friendly Czechoslovakia and a Russia pledged to support its policy, could not reasonably be expected to do. Clearly the greater Rumania's friendship with Germany the less compatible will it be with complete unanimity with Czechoslovakia. Czechoslovakia's undeniably strong leanings in recent years towards Russia make a rift all the more likely. The removal last September from the Ministry of Foreign affairs of Titulescu who had for so long steered Rumanian foreign policy in a pro-French direction and had for some time prior to his retirement been considering a Russian alliance was symptomatic of the change. Voices have recently been raised in Rumania in favour of pursuing a "realistic" foreign policy—divorced from any sentimentality based on a false conception of good brotherhood. Weight is lent to those cries by the recent behaviour of the third member of the Entente *vis-à-vis* Bulgaria, the Timon of the Balkans.

Bulgaria has every reason to be discontented; in 1919 she saw the fruits of the wars of 1912-13 snatched from her by Greece and Yugoslavia, after already in 1913 having had to cede to Rumania the important Dobrudja. Bulgarian claims are large, though principally directed towards securing an outlet on the Aegean Sea, at the expense of Greece. She has hitherto consistently stood out of the Balkan Entente, formed with great

eclat in 1934, and consisting of Yugoslavia, Rumania, Turkey and Greece, with an open invitation to Bulgaria to enter. While it is doubtful if this alliance, which cuts across its more famous prototype, will stand the test of time, it confers, while it lasts, one big advantage on its members in that it gives them, with a total population of almost sixty million, the collective bargaining capacity of a Great Power. Rumania, however, whose membership of the Little Entente rests on a treaty with Yugoslavia partially directed against Bulgaria, resents Yugoslavia's recent independent action in concluding a treaty of friendship with the latter power. To Yugo-Slavia there is good reason for a *détente* in that she may thereby become free from the troublesome activities of the Macedonian population of Bulgaria which has been waging fierce intermittent war on the Serbs. Yugoslavia and Rumania as members of the Little Entente have, however, in common their detestation of Russia, which has never been recognised by the former, and their joint willingness to participate in the advantages of German trade, which has lately been given the concession to develop the iron mines of Yugoslavia.

The foreign policy of Yugoslavia has, since the inception of the state, been based on hostility to Italy, whose subjection of Albania on Yugoslavia's southern flank, and whose practical control of the Adriatic as well as possession of certain territories considered by Yugoslavia as her own, have been much resented. There is, however, some indication that Yugo-slavia's policy is in this respect changing. It is in the region of the Balkans and the Aegean, in particular, that Italy's assertion of her Mediterranean position may be expected to produce results in Italy's favour. A more cogent reason may be found in the fact that the implications of the loss of the Italian market, which has ranked first for many years in Yugoslavia's export trade (taking 20.6 per cent. of the total in 1934), were fully brought home by the sanctions issue of 1935-6. Germany has been for some years past, and is to-day to a greater extent, a very important market for Yugoslav produce: but the growth of that market could not compensate for the loss which would be entailed by a falling-off in the Italian demand. There is, in addition, the fact that imports of Czecho-slovakian, mostly manufactured, goods have consistently been greater than the volume of goods taken by Czechoslovakia from Yugoslavia.

At present Yugoslavia's chief problem is not external, but an internal one, arising out of the centrifugal tendencies of its component populations. The focal point for these tendencies

might easily be provided by a Hapsburg reigning in Vienna. It is in opposition to such a contingency that its existence has in the past been most vigorously asserted by the Little Entente, all three states of which believe that they would have much to fear from such an event. A restoration is, however, now all but certain in the course of time. That event would, immediately, have a more direct effect on Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, whose dominions are largely composed of portions of the old Austria proper, than on Rumania. It is in its repercussions on Hungary, to which belonged most of north west Rumania, that a restoration would endanger the latter's position. Fear of a Hapsburg restoration, which was the original link, is now the only one binding the Entente powers. Its strength is, however, very much weakened by the fact that it is on the fiat of Germany, not that of the Entente, that a restoration is likely to depend.

MICHAEL O'NEILL-KING

FOREIGN COMMENTARY II

To German supporters of the Nazi regime there are two questions which it is frequently interesting to put, even if the instruction to be derived from the answers is perforce of an indirect kind. They are: "What would Germany have done if she had won the war?" and "What would *you* do if you were a Jew in Germany?" The replies are seldom wholly satisfying, even, one feels, to their framer. In answering the first question honestly, it is difficult to avoid justifying by implication the worst iniquities and arrogances of the allies after the war, iniquities which have done more than anything else to place Hitler where he is. In answering the second, the average German prefers not to be interested. In view of the Nazi Government's pronouncement that they *will not tolerate* a Soviet Government in Spain, one is tempted to add a third question to the other two: "If France were to vote Communist at the next elections, would Germany at once cross the frontier and march on Paris?" It has long been a Nazi boast that, while they consider that war brings out the best in a man, they are before all else *national*, and will never of their own accord resort to international action. Indeed this "internationalism" has been one of their main grievances against the Communists; and Germans have been arrested and branded as traitors to their country for preaching peace through international co-operation. The very terrible treatment of Ossietzky has received more

publicity than have other cases, but the most terrible thing about it is that it appears to be representative of the Government's general policy. And yet these enemies of "internationalism" are prepared to save other countries from it, by telling them what kind of government they must *not* have. As a result, with Italy's co-operation, "internationalism" is to be stamped out in Spain by international action. Now since there were only fifteen Communists in the Spanish Cortes, and since in the last elections the number of French Communists in the Chamber jumped from ten to seventy-two, the French people feel entitled to demand an answer to this third question. If Hitler, despite his talk of peace, is resolved to attack them if they choose to try Communism, then they would like to know it in advance, so that they might make the necessary discount when they receive his peace offers. And if, as it seems, Hitler, while refusing to tolerate a Communist Government in Madrid, *would* tolerate one in Paris, the French people are wondering if that is because a Communist Spain would *really* constitute a greater menace to Germany than a similarly depraved France, or simply because France is better able to protect herself.

* * *

The revised prophecies that Blum's Government was "bound to fall in a few months," are now seen to have been so much nonsense, based on the knowledge that Blum was a wicked Socialist, and must therefore come to a bad end, and that soon. In point of fact in another month Blum's Government will have gone beyond the average length of office of all French Governments since 1890; and no better indication of the very real stability of the Popular Front in France could be given, than by the vote of confidence in the Government on the question of National Defence, when Blum's supporters numbered 413 as against 124 opponents.

Last November it was here mentioned that one of Blum's most difficult problems lay in the control of prices, a problem which is not without its interest for Ireland. As was obvious, the difficulties have been increased by the devaluation, and now it has been decided that all rises in price must first be sanctioned by a Prices Commission, which must give its decision within a fortnight of application. Infringements will be punished by heavy fines, and second offences by imprisonment. This type of thing, of course, strikes at the very heart of civilization.

* * *

In his Budget speech, Auriol made frequent references to Roosevelt's method of drawing large bills on the future. These,

and other sympathetic references by French statesmen to Roosevelt's policy, are not without their significance, for many parallels can be drawn between the internal policy of the two countries. For instance, with Roosevelt's return to power, there broke out in the United States a series of stay-in strikes very similar to those in France last year. In the case of America, however, few had the stupidity to affirm that these strikes were the beginning of revolution, or that Roosevelt was losing control of the country, or that the Communists were "fomenting trouble" in their usual feckless way. It was clear to most people, as it should have been clear in the case of France, that the workers, perceiving the Government and the people to be with them, were simply demanding their common right to organise and to receive a reasonable wage.

* * *

Two other points emerged from the French Budget debate. First that the loan issued by the Government in the summer was subscribed in small sums by the working classes, while the rich preferred to export their gold. Now, it may appear quite reasonable for the capitalist, who draws his wealth from the country, to say that he doesn't see why *he* should support with his money a Government which is out to limit his privileges, and whose policy he has consistently opposed. Yet in war-time it is usual to insist that even the most violently opposed to the Government in power shall be willing to fight for it and to lay down their lives in defence of a cause which is hateful to them. This is called patriotism, and everyone knows that it must make its demands upon human lives, not upon bank accounts. The second point was that the Communist Duclos outlined a violently revolutionary system of taxation which he advocated for France. When we learn that this system is based mainly on the British income tax, we realise the barbarous methods of these monsters. Or at any rate so the French capitalist, enjoying an income tax of approximately $\frac{2}{3}$ in the pound, would persuade us.

* * *

In their fight against the workers' right to prevent the functioning of factories during a labour dispute, the big industrial "rings" have been showing their power. It is a strange thing that those who raise their hands in horror at the very thought of "communal ownership," never seem to strike at that most dangerous form of communal ownership, the industrial "ring." The profits of the "ring" are wrung from the community at large, and shared by the small community of the members of the "ring." Despite the fact that the more vital the commodity

dealt with, the bigger are the profits to be obtained by the "ring," the outcry against "any form of communal ownership" is not directed against *this* form. So that the Popular Front Government has to rely on its own strength alone to combat this iniquitous form of privilege.

* * *

A report on the war in Spain was recently issued by a group (which included the Deans of Rochester and Chichester) representative of the Protestant Churches in England. As the report was scarcely mentioned in the Irish papers it may be worth while quoting a few points of interest which it made :

"There is a strong anti-clerical movement, but no anti-God movement in Spain. On the other hand, members of our party found copies of the Scriptures offered freely for sale on street bookstalls. . . One of the various causes of anti-clericalism was the close political connection between the clergy and the landowning class, and the large amount of ill-developed land in the possession of the Church itself. In the Basque country, where the clergy have lived in close sympathy and contact with their people, and where a vigorous effort is being made to build up a society on the principles of Catholic social justice, anti-clericalism is a negligible force."

What a pity that it should be considered bad for the Irish people even to know of such a report. Those who would convince us that the horrors and massacres, the devastation of civil war are the result of "Moscow diplomacy," remind us strangely of the *Punch* cinema scene : "Kindly *stop* talking !" "I *wasn't* talking." "Well, you are now anyway."

* * *

When one hears of the saintly bombers who in Christianity's name have shattered tenements in Madrid crowded with fellow human beings, one wonders what reply would be made to the "Reds" who thus appealed : "We implore you in the name of Christ, Who, you tell us, assumed human shape in order to offer you examples that you might follow, we implore you to act towards us as He would act Himself if he were once more on earth. You would have us be Christians, yet you do not want to be such yourselves.

But if you do not want to be Christians, at least be men : treat us as you would do, if, having nothing but the feeble glimmerings of justice which nature gives us, you had *no* religion to guide you, and no revelation to give you light."

Fortunately, perhaps, this is not a futile Red attempt to soften the hearts of Franco's crusaders, but the appeal for tolerance and sincerity in religion, made by a great Frenchman who died nearly two centuries ago.

OWEN SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

THE CRAFTSMAN'S DEFEAT AT KINSALE

MANY in Ireland of to-day seem unaware that the Battle of Kinsale is still going on—a losing, if not a lost cause. The Don Juan of Kinsale fame has split in two, your General Franco and Señor Caballero, forces opposite, if not morally equal in the mind's eye of the pious and highly disinterested international spectators who hold the still raging arena. The high chivalry of Spain fought in this town their first losing battle, and some of them and us are still, so to speak, championing a lost cause. Most of the trouble in the world of to-day began well over three hundred years ago, when to the expressly documented concern of Pope Clement VIII., King Philip III., and Queen Elizabeth, Rome, Madrid and London breathlessly awaited their couriers' tidings of the Battle at Kinsale. And the high concern of Pope, King and Queen is by no means yet allayed. Indeed, the forthcoming European clash between those war-twins of the Reformation, Capitalism and Communism, may be said to be but the working out *en fougue* of the Battle of Kinsale, the honours of which went to the pioneers of a new "Christianity" inaugurating the new domination of money, machines, mass-production over the individual man, his heart, his soul and his handicraft.

But the victory at Kinsale for the new Christianity, that is to say the defeat of the old, was not quite decisive or final; the struggle as regards home and abroad continues one way or another, during peace as in war, and not only within the limited sphere of politics, national, social or economic, but above all in relation to the arts and crafts.

Once upon a time about the middle of the last century the Defeat of Kinsale came near being final. In this town the end must have seemed not too far off, when an old craftsman named Smith, in threadbare broadcloth, and crumpled Byronian cravat,

stood with faded tilbury hat in hand, bowing in front of a Grand Jury begging of their "Honours" an entry to the local Workhouse. The craft of his firm, sensitive old hands, the unerring vision of his still keen eye went quickly down to a pauper's grave before the accelerating "progress" of the money-machine age. Discarded by the new mass-production the handiworks of his craft, strong native adaptations of Morris, Sheraton and Chippendale, were privately esteemed and secretly "collected" by knowing dealers, and have in recent years fetched high prices at Messrs. Christies, London. Predecessors or the heirs of his art, such as Wade and Keene, cabinet-makers also of Kinsale, have likewise been purchased here betimes at very modest prices and sold at high figures in the best auction rooms of Dublin and London. It is well, however, to note that some relics of their craft are to this very day held against all "collectors" and above all selling for love or money in certain Kinsale homes.

Along our steep, narrow, winding streets a passerby may still admire the finely carved massive oaken doors of old town mansions ; or, if he knock and it be opened unto him, he shall see for himself elaborate old staircases and balustrades in tortured oak or mahogany darkly framed in the strong, lithe pillar jambs of a doorway and crowned by exquisite old semi-circular fan-light whorls in hooded oak or stone—all the handiwork of old town craftsmen who survived the Defeat of Kinsale. A delicate piece of wood-carving in linear bas-relief of the vine and the wheat, the old oaken altar-rail of the Carmelite Church (built about the middle of the last century) was the work of Thomas M'Carthy, a local artisan. Alas ! if one may sigh in passing, the fine old wooden altar-rail has in recent years been discarded for a machine-made rail or rather wall of anaemic marble with coloured brass gate : an intimation perhaps of the final Defeat.

Not the least famous of Kinsale craftsmen were the Goldsmiths. In Caulfield's "Annals of the Town Council"

(which consist of excerpts from the old Corporation Records together with concurrent information from the British Museum, London, and the Bodlean Library, Oxford, collated and edited 1879 by the late Dr. Caulfield, sometime Professor University College, Cork) we read of Thomas Meade, Goldsmith, being admitted in the year 1689 to the freedom of the borough. A miniature cruciform reliquary in silver $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. high by citizen Meade of Kinsale fetched £25 some years ago at Messrs. Sotheby's Auction Rooms, London. At this Auction was also sold for £310 the old Kinsale Punch Ladle of wrought silver, comprising a long straight handle tapering downwards to a deep, heavy lipped bowl encircled with the inscription: "*Gift of William Pearce to the Corporation of Kinsale, Oct. ye 9th 1717. Mr. W. Bullin. Sovn.*" The old Corporation Punch Bowl a large plain handwrought vessel was with other old Corporation plate sold in 1861, after the new local government Act of 1845 which replaced "the Sovereign, Burgesses and Commons" of Kinsale. Originally the silver material for this Bowl was gifted to the Corporation by Hugh Percivall Sov. of Kinsale 1652 and Thos. Browne, Sov. for the third time in 1659, the year of his death. Between separate inscriptions recording the details of those gifts there is on one cheek of the bowl the Chequer Arms of Kinsale town finely chased, and on the other a chained Portcullis, the emblem of the harbour. The Bowl is now in the National Museum, Dublin, on loan. The old town Mace of solid, handwrought Kinsale silver was 3 ft. 9 ins. long and $79\frac{3}{4}$ oz. in weight. The head of the Mace comprises the Arms of King George II., supported by fine silver fretwork delicately interlacing the Chequer of the town with the Portcullis of the harbour. This Mace was sold also in 1861 with the other Corporation plate to Messrs. Sothebys, London, and subsequently purchased from that firm by a Sir Geo. Bower, M.P., who in 1865 presented it to the Mayor and Corporation of Margate, England. The exiled Mace may well be taken as a symbol of either the ultimate victory or the defeat of Kinsale!

The only piece of local craftsmanship in silver now remaining in the possession of the town is the *Silver Oar*, a miniature 1½ ft. long. On one side of the blade of the oar is Portcullis of the harbour, and on the other the Chequer of the town both delicately engraved. The handle of the oar bears in front the inscription : *Kinsale 1782* and on the back the words : *Water-Bailiff*. This silver oar used actually to be carried about by the old Harbour Master of Kinsale as an emblem of his authority to collect from visiting ships dues and tolls for berthage, etc.

Practically all the Corporation plate was by Kinsale craftsmen some of whose names we can still trace. In the *Records of the Dublin Goldsmiths Company* we find for the year 1733 mention of William Wall and his brother Joseph, Goldsmiths of Kinsale. The reference is to some silver plate wrought and sent by them from Kinsale to Dublin to be assayed. The hallmarks which identify extant works of art in gold and silver by the Wall brothers of Kinsale are listed with facsimile on Page 716 of that standard work : “*Goldsmiths and their Marks*” by Sir Chas. J. Jackson. The Dublin Goldsmiths Records under the year 1784 also make honourable mention of Dennis Leary and Robert Barry, Silversmiths of Kinsale.

In the Annals of the town quoted above, the name of William Walsh occurs under 1687 as having been sworn Master of the Company of Blacksmiths, Goldsmiths, Silversmiths, Cutlers, Glaziers, Braziers and other hammermen that work by fire.” We still have some relics of the hand-wrought iron by those “hammermen.” Besides the fine old 18th century gates of St. Multose Church there is the old Kinsale Pike Gate at Knock-robbin, and of the same period the Clontead and Tisaxon Churchyard gates, as well as the discarded gate of the old Catholic Parish Church forged probably in the early 18th century and still used on a Kinsale farm. The handcraft likewise of those hammermen, who centuries ago worked by fire in this town, are the fine old Corporation bronzes still in the property of the Urban Council.

Most of the work in the present Catholic Parish Church, built over a hundred years ago, was, with the exception of the regrettable stucco round the ceiling, executed by local artisans. A Kinsale sculptor, William Storey, designed and made the Catholic Parish belfry, a low-sized, finely balanced campanile in limestone—later copied very indifferently in mere cement for the Convent belfry : another imitation of the final Defeat.

Within the restricted style of the early Norman period the acme of Kinsale art and craft is to be found in and around the old Pre-Reformation Church of St. Multose (Mo-Eltin-Óg). We have already referred to its most modern feature, that is, the 18th century limestone piers and hand-wrought iron of the main entrance gate and the exquisite postern—the handiwork all of Kinsale smiths and stone-cutters. But let us enter by the main West doorway beautifully arched in red sandstone. Here Cromwell's soldiers are said to have whetted their swords ; the indented wedge of their blades is marked deep in across the fluted stone pillar jambs of the arch. Right above the keystone of the graceful arch and still replete with an indescribable appeal and charm is an inset stone miniature in high relief of St. Multose, the old Celtic Saint, who was also a builder, and therefore adopted by the early Norman builders of Kinsale. In the Saint's right hand the crozier leans backwards against his shoulder, he wears the beautifully low-crowned medieval mitre, and on his left shoulder he carries a stone : the sign-manual of the builder-saint. Doubtless this part of the Church, together with the lower portion of the old square tower and the lovely intricate bas-relief designs on the earliest stone tombs in the Churchyard may be said to be of the original structure, that is to say prior to 1199. In the Vatican records of that year (vide Decretals of Innocent III.) we first find mention of the Parish Church of St. Multose. The history, architecture and decoration of this beautiful old Norman Church may be studied in a brochure by the late Rev. Mr. Darling, sometime Rector of Kinsale, and also in the late Professor Caulfield's "Annals."

The South transept or "Galwey Aisle," once known as "Ye Chapell of Oure Ladye," was added in the 16th century before the Reformation and the consequent defeat at Kinsale. On entering the nave of the Church itself one cannot but deplore the smooth havoc wrought by an indiscriminate "Restoration" some time at the end of the last century. Yet another intimation of the Defeat at Kinsale. However, we need go no farther than the Baptismal Font just inside the main West door. This beautiful font of the early Norman period consists of a large strong square block of limestone chiselled out to a square hollow and mounted on dressed stone plinths with corbels—a fine example of that simple purity, strength, dignity and grace so characteristic of our Norman craftsmen builders and so rarely evident after the defeat at Kinsale.

In this town, as one would expect, there have been many eminent shipwrights, boatbuilders and the allied trades. In a dispatch from the Sovereign of Kinsale in 1652 to Ludlow, Cromwell's general in Munster, it is stated: "We have gotten Mr. Chudleigh to come along with us, a ship-carpenter of good report. We think you will not have the like in giving directions and ordering the making of boats; most of the material herewith sent hath reached our disposal through means of his skill." This latter remark refers to the famous "ship that sailed over the land," that is, a boat which had been entirely constructed of adjustable pieces by Thomas Chudleigh at Kinsale and transported overland in parts to be launched on the lake of Killarney for the final assault on Ross Castle, which until then held out against Cromwell. Another Thomas Chudleigh, son of the former, actually built at Kinsale a battleship for the English Navy, the frigate, H.M.S. "Kinsale." So thoroughly and efficiently "loyal" did the town craftsman become after the Victory of Kinsale! There was an Admiralty Graving Dock at Kinsale, and we gather from the "Annals" that in 1725 the Royal Kinsale Dockyard employed amongst others "a Master Carpenter with 60 joiners and turners, a Master Boatswain

with 40 shipwrights, a Master Caulker and his men," besides many " Smiths, Malsters, Coopers and Blockmakers with their proper labourers." In 1688 Kinsale was visited by the Danish Fleet. One of the frigates, " a large ship," had sprung a leak which was " very skilfully caulked and amended " by Thomas Chudleigh and Son, the famous shipwrights of Kinsale.

The writer of this article happens to be the representative of the Kinsale Urban Council on the County Cork Technical Committee. Recently after long and arduous efforts we got the sanction of the Department of Education for the erection of a technical or Vocational School in Kinsale. The plans of this proposed School are, we believe, now ready, and the building will be, we hope, in the course of erection within the next few months at latest. In this School the Urban Council intend to form a Museum, in which suitably to exhibit the relics of old Kinsale handicrafts, as partly detailed in the foregoing article, together with the precious, beautifully illuminated Charters and other ancient MSS. of the town dating from the reign of Edward III. to George I. of England. As regards the actual building of the School, we have, through the very efficient kindly co-operation of the County Committee, repeatedly urged upon the Department the use of the local Ballinphellig brick, as we anticipated with much fear the erection of one of those new fangled match-box edifices in reinforced concrete, which would be entirely unworthy of this old historic town with its long and honourable tradition of art and craft, and which would certainly be not worthy to house our proposed Museum. Such an edifice, we also felt sure, would in the coming years be but yet another more palpable and deadly intimation of the final disaster of Kinsale, and of the ultimate triumph of the anti-handicraft money-machine age.

We have had other and graver premonitions too. After all, it is the subjects on the Curriculum, the Teachers and Students that really make a School. And we have seen so many of those new Vocational classes and schools in urban and rural areas ;

they are so lacking in the real teaching or learning of real art or craft ! Mostly faddy experiments in Kindergarten, superficial, rootless, un-Irish ! With the noble exception of Mr. J. J. O'Connor of Mallow, and his Súcán Chair, they know nothing, they teach nothing, they learn nothing of real Irish craft in, say, wood ; nothing of the late Andreas Lang or James Hicks of Dublin, nothing of Smith or Wade of Kinsale. Or, say, in metal-work ; nothing of the brothers Wall of Kinsale ; nothing of Hogan of Cork in stone ; nothing of the Irish craftsmanship in gold, silver, or iron before or after the Battle of Kinsale. Some plain, wholesome Cooking ; yes, to hurry our young girls across to England ; a bit of " Commerce " that might be had as well if not better in any merchant's office or shop ; a little primitive or merely fanciful woodwork, and garage mechanics in " Engineering " classes; yes, but no linking up of those very same or other manual subjects with their palpable roots in rural, urban, social, or domestic Irish life, art or craft. Indeed, the only Irish thing about those Schools is the Language Class and that is mostly traditionalist.

Can nobody stem this sheer waste of public money ? The general, expensive futility of the whole so-called Scheme of Vocational Education in Ireland of to-day is nowhere more apparent than in what they call " Art " classes and Schools of " Music." Their " Art " is mostly inanimate model or Kensington pattern drawing of the long out-of-date early Victorian type, or the mechanical tooling of leather, or else pitiful watercolouring. No wonder that so fine an artist as the late Harry Clarke of Dublin had to give up the old Metropolitan School of Art as a bad job ! And their " music ! " Certainly Radio Athlone is responsible for flooding Ireland of to-day with a lot of very poor stuff, but hardly any of even that is worse in selection or execution than what comes through from the students of our Schools of Music and Technical Institutes. And all this in the sacred names of Education, Music, Irish Traditional Song, national ballad or dance tune !

As if Hamilton Harty never composed an Irish Symphony or wrote an Irish song, as if Arnold Bax never sang the "Ballad of Nineteen Sixteen!" No wonder that the "Cork Municipal School of Music" failed to hold Karl Hardebeck, that competent musician, whose arrangements of Irish airs are so uniquely Gaelic, though mostly a closed book to our loud-speaking Gaelic Traditionalists and half-baked Vocational musicians.

Now it is the advent of all this thing that we in Kinsale so much dread—the Final Defeat! Thus far we have had excellent teachers in our Technical Classes. Neither they, nor the teachers anywhere, nor the Committees are responsible; they are but the victims or instruments of the whole crazy, mushroom "Scheme." No less a person than the Minister of Education himself, and the Heads of his Department, Vocational Branch, are answerable to the Irish Art and Craft world of yesterday and to-day. And they should look well to it, and betimes, ere the battle of Kinsale be irretrievably lost.

PÁDRAIG MAC SUIBHNE, S.O.

NATIONAL CONTROL OF WATER RESOURCES

It is a matter of grave concern for this country that the organisation and development of her most vital resource—water—should remain haphazard and uncoordinated. The present thesis, which will be brief and introductory, is designed merely to focus the attention of parties, who ought to be interested, upon the general problem and to place its value and importance in true perspective relative to other problems which may seem more immediately pressing.

Water was no doubt considered the most vital of the four ancient Elements—to-day with the increasing conquest of nature, accompanied by the more intense gregariousness of mankind, its ramifications are so widespread, it impinges on so many economic and social factors, that its organisation in the modern state becomes an ordinary act of prudence, if citizens are to be spared the visitation of the recurrent crises that water, by its shortage or its excess, has brought upon mankind all down the ages and in all countries. The recent flooding of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers will be fresh in readers' minds with its trail of havoc, disease and death, the gloom of which was relieved by only one fact, the incomparable heroism, resource and thoroughness in coping with catastrophe which America in emergencies always displays. At the other extreme, in a very mild way by comparison, these countries have suffered from a phenomenal sequence of drought years in 1933–1935, of which in this country the warning symptoms were the temporary drying-up of the national hydro-electric scheme and the general inconvenience of domestic water shortage felt in Dublin and elsewhere, but only in rural districts having any noticeable effect on the incidence of disease, notably typhoid.

The difficulties in the one case were successfully surmounted, the running of stand-by steam stations being just able to obviate

industrial dislocation, at no more cost than an increase in our coal imports and a certain amount of consequential losses, the whole of which might be fairly assessed at £100,000. Would not this sum constitute however a very substantial contribution *for one year* towards any scheme of conservation which might have prevented this admittedly minor crisis from arising? Domestically, Dublin, by partial rationing, got over its shortage, and largely under pressure of public opinion immediately embarked on a far-sighted scheme to prevent a recurrence and allow also for population expansion. But there is no assessing the loss to the community of any lives lost through disease induced by water shortage or contamination, whilst the general low standards of sanitation throughout the country are intimately bound up with the paucity or mal-distribution of water. This bad sanitation is of one of those heritages of alien misgovernment upon which should always be placed a creditor cash value in any appraisal of reparations or financial settlement. It is being tackled with as much vigour as a very restrictive financial system permits, but the evil is so deepseated that it will be long before any influence of its elimination on the death rate, for instance, may be looked for. Yet in other countries population increase has been steadily maintained by a progressive lowering of the death rate in spite of other inhibitory factors tending towards a static or declining population. Our improvement in this direction lags lamentably behind, yet the point is stressed here, for, with the recent publicity that population problems have received (to be expected when the Censuses of the two States into which Ireland is divided are held within a year of each other), it may be that through accelerated improvement of sanitation and kindred benefits dependent largely on plentiful and pure water supplies, the decline of our population may be redressed.

For the general reader to realize the omnipresence of the problem of water—its absence, its deficiency, its plenitude, its excess—a further slight deviation must be borne with. Afforestation and drainage are two inter-related subjects, the

connection between which is not perhaps directly obvious. Both are non-competitive outlets for the profitable harnessing of unemployed labour, both are vital to the country's prosperity, both are neglected in direct proportion to their national importance and both must be considered in relation to any nationalized form of control devised for our water resources.

The subject of afforestation will be left to more specialised pens than mine and considered only in its bearing on our present subject. Trees, in their relation to water are the great levellers. They require vast quantities of water for their growth, so that in times of normal rains, their absorption is sufficient to prevent flooding and in times of excessive rains they serve as a brake on the sea-ward rush of the river-waters by retaining at least their usual content and binding the surrounding soil so as to prevent its disintegration and escape. Before we proceed to the drainage aspect of this result, a point of great interest to us, as the hydro-electric pioneers in these islands, is the effect of woods and forests on a scheme demanding a large conserved water supply, and especially in hydro-electric development where the irregularity of stream-flow assumes major importance. Rainfall is the source of water, it is shed into different directions by mountain formations and the density of its precipitation and storage possibilities depend on the extent and the nature of the various "catchment" areas. Now, that rain is dissipated in three ways, by absorption, by vegetation and trees and soil, by evaporation and by "run-off" of the unabsorbed or unevaporated excess. Rainfall and "run-off" can both be measured, but the difference between them does not give evaporation losses nor losses through absorption. Too many factors such as temperature, wind and the degree of saturation of the wind affect evaporation. Forests, of course, cause much less evaporation than open fields or bogs, and here we have the temerity, in all seriousness, to propound the theory, for the consideration of our Tourist Association and all others interested in our climates' advantages and drawbacks, that with a reasonable, combined programme of afforestation and bog drainage,

the average temperature of our island can be appreciably raised by the elimination of evaporation losses incidental to the programme.

To revert to the hydro-electric significance of forests, it becomes then obvious that the interposition of the time-lag between precipitation and run-off by the presence of trees, is a factor of prime importance and one upon which indeed the experts who reported on the Shannon scheme originally laid great stress. But it may be questioned whether their recommendations were not ignored or at least too lightly regarded owing to the reluctance, often cropping up, of our people to take the long view and deal with issues on a scale commensurate with their importance.

The cognate problem of drainage was referred to above—drainage in bogs releases fuel and tends to correct the excessive moisture content of the winds that come across the midlands of Ireland; coupled with a planned afforestation scheme on the bogs, these two benefits are made permanent. Their capitalised value is incalculable and would certainly soar into astronomical figures. Drainage as it affects slopes and river-channels is under the greatest possible debt to afforestation. There have been schemes of river drainage—one is bound to occur to every reader—which have arisen out of the excess siltage of soil and detritus washed down by rains in flood times principally when run-off greatly exceeds absorption. This accumulation in river-beds narrows the channel for the water, much as a choked bath-pipe, and the passage of the water is so impeded that the volume of water which the bed originally might have accommodated, cannot flow, becomes piled up and overflows, causing flooding, these periodical floods with devastated fields and farms and stricken or drowned livestock having been a familiar experience with all of us. People often fail to realise that when passage for water is in any way restricted, even when not as in a closed pipe, but in an open river or canal, the water is piled up at an angle for all the world like a solid object at the top of an inclined plane or chute, and only after a very measurable time,

and with the assistance of certain factors, can it reach the bottom.

Trees by the ramifications of their roots, apart altogether from the question of absorption, tend to hold the soil together and prevent its disintegration. There is no need to elaborate further the nexus between afforestation and drainage and their mutual relationship to water.

Enough has been said to show by a little further thought that not only is water the vital and common element in all such deep considerations as afforestation, land drainage, irrigation, flood control and hydro-electric development, but also in such matters as fisheries, river conservancy and regulation, estuarial ports, navigation, sewerage, industrial effluents and the prevention of such pollution. Here is a big sheaf of problems that impinge on public health, commerce and transport, and their handling demands water control.

From the standpoint of the nation's health and in order to attain the end with maximum efficiency some inter-connected form of supply—a water-grid, nationalized and looped as in the case of electricity—must be considered. A piped supply available for all areas seems necessary and the amalgamation of contiguous schemes with the collective community interest the only one to be considered. There will be vested interests to be won over or “liquidated” as there are in all cases of nationalisation or large-scale reforms. Water authorities may resist amalgamation, each regarding its own selfish parochial interests and rates may be resisted. Contractors or professional men may resent the scrapping of county or local unit duplication which in times past had been so abundant, if somewhat questionable, a source of revenue to them, but these are the accepted obstacles to any worth-while scheme and by tactful handling and the necessary show of legislative strength and decisiveness they can be relegated among the secondary difficulties. The first would seem to be to create a public opinion in favour of the NEED for a National Water Board.

DONAL MCCARTHY

THE CELTIC REVIVAL IN CORNWALL

Kernow Bys Vyken

THE spirit of the "go-getter—to borrow an Americanism—that spirit which exalts to the position of supreme importance the means rather than the ends of life is great and powerful in our modern world of advancing mechanisation. The principles of an arid secularism permeate all grades of society and all lands to an increasing extent as far as one may read and judge the signs of the times. The conflict deepens between that spirit of secularism and these spiritual impulses, those higher, finer values which are not of money or of time but which belong to the essential soul of a people and are of the inner essence of a true humanity. The evidences of that conflict are not wanting in past generations and certainly they loom large in society to-day. Often, indeed, the deeper causes underlying certain struggles and awakenings are not revealed on the surface of the conflict and require examination for a just appraisal of their origin and significance.

The American Civil War is a case in point, bearing, as it seems to me, on the issues which lie between the means of life and the ends of life—a principle of conflict created and aggravated largely by those to whom life is its toils and rewards and not its purpose and end. And, therefore, any revival, awakening or strengthening of the nobler purpose in being, any recalling of that music of the spirit of man, any manifestation of the inner patterned beauty of the things of the mind as of the soul take their place not merely in a local setting but on the larger stage of the world conflict between means and ends. For this reason the revival of Celtic interest, the reawakening of Celtic speech, the note of recovery in a Celtic music, the act and attitude of fidelity to the Celtic way of life

—the traditional and historic Celtic values in life—which many in Cornwall are showing to-day is an evidence in which we may rejoice that the spirit of industrialism, the material standards of a mere commercialism are not unchallenged in one corner, at least, of England. Cornwall has not succumbed to the spirit and standards of industrial England. Rather there beyond the rich, red earth and the sapphire sea of Devon, she is remembering again the old ways and is recalling to her children that life is more than meat, that there are the things of the mind, the transcendental values of the soul, which are of greater moment than the struggle for existence or the amassing of wealth.

In this connexion I have made reference to the American Civil War. It may seem a far cry from the cause of the Southern States in that war of the last century and the Cornish Celtic revival of to-day, but there is a relationship as we may see. The question at issue between the North and the South in America's Civil War is not quite so simple and indisputable as many of us in Ireland believe. It was not simply Abolitionism or emancipation on the part of the North *versus* slave-holding and almost feudal privilege on the part of the South. In common with other distinguished American writers, James Truslow Adams, in his informative and just-minded book, *America's Tragedy*, presents and ably maintains the thesis that it was not for the continual and permanent enslavement of the negro on her plantations that the South fought the long and bitterly contested Civil War. It was because she feared that her way of life would be overwhelmed by the commercialised spirit of the North that she resisted. The American author mentioned is not tempted to be one-sided, merely for his affiliations, as he confesses, are with both North and South. In the course of his work he states that "The South . . . still retains much of the best which made not only its charm but its spiritual importance in the ante-bellum period. It would be a national catastrophe if prosperity, commercialization, industrialization and Chambers of Commerce should break down its tradition

that what a man is counts far more than what he has, and that life is more than labour."

Speaking broadly of sections and not of individuals, it appears that only in the South was it generally accepted that life did not consist only of doing one's duty or of achieving "success," but embracing both of these, if possible, it was something much deeper, broader and richer, something good in and for itself. The tragedy has been that that sense of values developed in a type of civilisation which, as to its base (*i.e.*, slave-holding) could not be preserved in the modern world Looking forward one can only hope most fervently for two things: One, that the period of separation in hearts and sympathies is nearly at last drawing to a close, and second, that in re-adjusting itself to the life of the nation, as a whole, the South may never lose that sense of values which has been its most precious possession worth infinitely more than slaves or lands or mills."

In common with this writer no Irish Gael can continue to believe that the South fought merely for the principle and practice of slave-holding, when he remembers that John Mitchell, the young Irishman, whose "Jail Journal" is a classic of the independence movement in Ireland, fought in the ranks of the Confederate Army. Nor was it for slavery but for that deeper cause the South represented that another son of the Gael—Father Abram Ryan—the poet-priest of the South—stirred and inspired the Confederation by many songs and poems and whose moving lines on "The Conquered Banner," when the Confederation was defeated, are full of a deep appeal. Indeed, the thesis that it was the spirit of true life against the principle of commercialism, which was the very strength of the Southern cause, cannot be better illustrated than by the noble figure of the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army, General Robert E. Lee, who, having lost all save life and honour in the Civil War, refused many offers of industrial preferment, and

chose instead, by way of example, to the South even in defeat, to be "principal of an obscure college with forty pupils!"

Another American author, Mr. A. Maurice Low, dealing with the question: "Are there classes in the United States?" says, in his book, *America at Home*, that only hypocrisy would close its eyes to the fact that there are social divisions in the United States. Money exercises a baneful influence in the United States because, to a very large extent, money is the foundation on which an aristocracy is being erected. It is not, of course, an aristocracy in the European sense of the word, not an aristocracy such as is known in England. It is . . . a class that arrogates to itself certain things and owes its prominence simply to the fact that it has great riches. There is the aristocracy of blood and the aristocracy of money."

Now the conflict lies deeply between those two or rather between the principles and standards which they represent. This self-same principle of an inevitable antagonism between two opposing conceptions may be seen not only in the American Civil War and later developments, but earlier still underlies the struggle between Cromwellian and Cavalier in seventeenth century England, with its repercussions in Ireland of that time. It is evidenced in the spirit of the Jacobite risings of the '15, and the '45 in the Highlands of Scotland as against what Hanoverian connoted. William Power, in his *Literature and Oatmeal*, commenting on "a radical difference in the philosophy of life," reminds us that "the old Greeks put life itself and their personal ideal of it above the means of life."

The Celt, in a true sense, is an heir and custodian of that Greek ideal as we may term it. It is that sense of life which, when as William Power says: "feudalism, the crude 'rights of property,' and legal chicanery were winning their final victory over the old human polity of the Celts" could express itself thus:

"Far better be with Gregor where the heather's in its prime
Than with mean and Lowland barons in a house of stone and lime."

It was W. B. Yeats who, fearing for that surrender of the Celtic attitude to life in Ireland—that overshadowing of an intangible glory—by the spirit of time, in his poem, *September*, 1913, wrote:

“What need you, being come to sense,
But fumble in a greasy till
And add the halfpence to the pence,
And prayer to shivering prayer, until
You have dried the marrow from the bone;
For men were born to pray and save,
Romantic Ireland’s dead and gone,
— It’s with O’Leary in the grave.”

And with fine scorn the poet asks:

“Was it for this the wild geese spread
The Grey wing upon every tide;
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave,
Romantic Ireland’s dead and gone,
It’s with O’Leary in the grave.”

He might have added that it is the way of the world when there comes this renunciation of the spirit to omit at length even “the shivering prayer” whilst the pence and the till become the deities. However, he lived to see another day in Ireland, *moladh le Dia dá chionn*.

The battle is joined on a wide front to-day, taking various forms, calling itself by many names, but it remains in essence the ancient conflict between that Greek ideal of life—which is a crown and glory of our Gaelic inheritance—and secularism.

The Cornish Celtic awakening is not a political one: it is purely cultural. Its aim is to revive the ancient spirit and speech of Cornwall and to develop all forms of Celtic culture in music, literature, art and science. An ambitious and a worthy programme.

The official handbook states that “Celtic tradition has coloured life in Cornwall down to our own day. Ours is . . . at least

the first step towards a conscious revival of Cornish nationality."

As a remarkable sign of the vitality and growth of this movement, in August for the first time at a service in Truro Cathedral, the whole proceedings, in the presence of a crowded and representative congregation, including the Bishop and Mayors, were conducted in the ancient Celtic tongue. The speaker described it truly as "a historic occasion on which they had come together to worship as a nation in their national Cathedral and in their national language."

The Gael may be glad, therefore, that a voice out of Cornwall to-day speaks for that higher ideal, and in revival of the Celtic speech and Bardic Assembly with their inner, wider significance raises his banner for the finer issues of life. How may we greet them save in their Cornish speech, saying : KERNOW BYS VYKEN, which, being interpreted, is CORNWALL FOR EVER !

PÁDRAIG K. O'HORAN

LITTLE ELEGY

I will walk with a lover of wisdom
A smile for senator destiny
But I will gladly listen.

Her beauty was like silence in a cup of water
Decanting all but the dream matter
The figures of reality
Stood about, dantesque and pitiful.
Can anyone tell me her name?
I will love her again and again
Girl skie-er, arrow and bow in one
Masked in glass, graceful
And hard as surgery.

I saw a round Bavarian goodman
And a Harvard student with a Mohican's lope
Colliding with huge nosegays
So laughter burst above their flowers.
Absent of mind they had their wits about them
I laughed at them both outright
And at clumsy peasant statues
Graces and gods would they be
It was a heady Springtime in Munich
Many I knew confided in me:
Sigmund jeered at tyrants
Carlos who made love shyly
To a furtive gentle girl
Came stammering to my door
 'She loves me, you know,
 'She loves me, you know.'

But geography separated them
And geography keeps them apart
Now they live forgotten in each other's heart.

The sun was full on, the bird-breed
Gradually found its wings
The baroque churches glowed like the Book of Kells
We two, Husky-pine and Sweet Milk
Snow beneath blue winds

Go far and wide
We all listened to 'each others'
Fair vows and counsel.

Of those that go out of the cafés and the gardens
Some languish in prisons
Some die of unhappiness
Indeed it is so.

This is all I can remember
Quarrelling, gay confidences
The class staggering through faunish nights
And her I would meet
As though I were unconscious
In vacant bright-columned streets
And names, love's tunic, scattered to the four winds
For no reason at all
For no reason that I can tell.

DENIS DEVLIN

EASTER WEEK

The order of the battle, they said,
is go into the streets
pile beacons high for flame to catch
for to-morrow we must line up our martyrs.
Our small strength is the hand of thousands
compiling in our past our hot traditions
tactics and cold organisation :
we are the tip of a fuse
light it and a city trembles.
And if the succession of our plans is weak
and there is only a garrison of us to be shot
we shall try to hand on slogans
that you can preserve to shout into every heart.
The warm and open way to die
would be on equal battlefield,
but we have chosen the streets of a city
where many pavements will see us lie.
And out of our records and that stone museum
we ask you to light the whole of Ireland.

BRIAN MCCRUDDEN

ENGLAND AND IRELAND

(Being excerpts, which we are privileged to publish from Dr. Devane's forthcoming work, "ISLE OF DESTINY.")

It is the just complaint of the Irish that England cherished and fomented this society to maintain dominion over Ireland ; that long after England had ceased to trouble over much about Protestantism or Catholicism, when she had become a secular State, she played on the generous emotions of religion, and fanned to flame sectarian hatred among a Christian people with the same indifference she would see a Mohammedan bait a Hindu. And it is the just complaint of the Irish that Carson, for a generation representative of Dublin University and leader of the Anglo-Irish, went to Belfast and pandered to the No Popery cry.

The Scots-Irish are an equalitarian, non-aristocratic, non-hierarchic society. They have great industrial and secular virtues. They have created industries in an inhospitable soil with no coal, no iron, and in competition with England herself.

England does not desire, and has never desired, that Ireland should achieve the racial fusion and the harmony between Catholic and Protestant achieved by other European peoples. The Irish, from O'Connell's time to Redmond's time, over and over again, have offered England a pledge of friendship. Were England defeated in war to-morrow, the Irish would achieve in a generation that which they have not accomplished in seven and a half centuries, fusion of race : that which they have not known for four hundred years, a respite from the religious conflict. A composite, unhyphenated Irishman would be born.

Will England allow that fusion to take place ? I do not know, I am sure, taking a long view into the future, that the Irish would rather be blotted off the earth than allow England to create within the four seas of Ireland a statelet, a suzerain of England, antipathetic to the main rhythm of Irish life.

The Irish are Ireland. They go back beyond the plantations, beyond the Reformation, beyond the Normans and the Danes, beyond Christianity and "Europe," back to the Celts and the dawn of history. They are each one of these and all of these. They deny no man his origins or his creed so that he commingles

in the common weal. They are now and have ever been the vast and preponderating element in the community, and are spread all over Ireland.

The Anglo-Irish society in its modern religious form was the dominant power in Ireland for near four hundred years. The Church of Ireland was the heart of the society, and Trinity College was its brain. It was a compact and perfect society, which had a definite philosophy of Irish history, of Irish politics, of Irish society, of Irish aesthetics, of Irish economics, and a philosophy of Man and the Cosmos and Society. One thing was wrong with all that philosophy. It was in Ireland, and was not Irish.

If one can imagine a certain formation of English society which was in England and was not English, or of Scots society which was not Scottish and was in Scotland, of French society which was in France and was not French : if one can imagine a square triangle or a triangular circle, one has a perfect justification for the Anglo-Irish society as the rulers of Ireland in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth century Ireland.

Since all its philosophy was fashioned out of smoke with no relation to realities, the whole society collapsed, almost in a night, in the stark realism and sectarian fire of Carson's anarchy.

The great formative influence on the Anglo-Irish culture was the Church of Ireland, a daughter Church of the Church of England. We use the term daughter Church because the Church of Ireland, like the Church of England, claims communion with and succession to the native pre-Reformation Church. A social observer may be pardoned for calling it a daughter Church, and its culture a daughter culture of the great English culture of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

It would be erroneous to think of this society as composed of landed gentry, a bureaucracy and an aristocracy alone : there were of it also gatekeepers, stewards, grocers, janitors, footmen. The Protestant janitor cleaved to Anglo-Ireland. The Catholic janitor cleaved to Irish Ireland. And it would be wrong to think that Episcopalianism was the only form of Protestantism professed by that society : there were dissenters and other forms of Protestantism in that culture. Episcopalianism, however—an aristocratic culture—was the dominant chord and key.

The Church of England is aristocratic in this : that it can command the loyalties of only a social stratum. It has never made an appeal to the poor, the slum-dwellers, the mechanic

the artisan, the navvy. These have gone to Nonconformity or scepticism. The inherent conservatism of England, which looks for continuity at all costs, and seeks to perpetuate in unbroken tradition a thousand and a half thousand years of her national life, to link up her present with Canterbury, York, Westminster, with Wolsey and à Becket and Augustine—all this has enveloped with a pseudo halo on the homeland, the national Church. Transplanted overseas this tradition has counted for little. Episcopalianism has counted for little in the new countries, in Canada, North America, Australia, South Africa. There—and there is the test:—a culture that can bear transplanting—the Church of England has not thrived: the Puritan culture has thrived.

If that was the case with the Church of England, how much less virile was the Church of Ireland. The average Irishman looked on the Church of Ireland as an instrument for English domination: an insitution that was fostered and nourished with glass-house care to anglicise Ireland.

“The Church of Ireland”—as always when writing of this anomalous, amorphous, pathological country, one is for ever making mental reservations and corrections—“The Church of Ireland”—the very words are meaningless. It is the Church of a small fraction of the population, and yet up to a time within living memory this was the State Church of Ireland, and even to-day she is the repository and the trustee of all historic memorials of Christianity: of the only two cathedrals in Dublin—the one, St. Patrick’s, with a credible tradition going back to the fifth century, the other, Christ Church, dating from the eleventh century: of the provincial cathedrals, Cork, Limerick, Galway, etc., and of the only University of any historic memory.

One might be a Buddhist, Agnostic, Deist, Theosophist or a Mohammedan, yet, being an Irishman, admit that all this was wrong.

It is very hard to eliminate the terrible wrongs which were committed in the name and under the seal of the Church of Ireland; the reduction of a whole people to a state of servitude, and the maintenance of an ascendancy based on a religious profession. Burke and Grattan were of the bosom of that society when the penal laws were the instrument by which ascendancy was maintained, and even in the nineteenth century (the greater part of the century) the maintenance of a fictitious and artificial society, and its association with absenteeism, landlordism, and a harsh system of land tenure caused profound misery.

The minds and wits of Anglo-Ireland were quickened and whetted by contact with a peasantry who spoke a different language, professed a different creed, yet bore a common patronymic, Irish—a peasantry kindly yet cruel, volatile, yet of iron resolve, sensitive, spiritual.

Such a rare combination was calculated to produce a rich harvest. Taking them all in all, men in the field of thought, in the field of action, in court and in camp, in the easy grace and conduct of life, *bonhomie*, tact, manners and finesse, the Anglo-Irish ranked high in the English culture. For, in intellect, the Anglo-Irish were not inferior to the English; in delicacy and charm they surpassed the rather cold frigidity of the formal English manner; in manly exercises, the chase and horsemanship and the profession of arms, they excelled.

In close contact with a peasantry which even to-day, apart from the corroding influence of this religio-political strife, maintains a native courtesy, and urbanity you will not see surpassed in the courts and palaces of Europe, these Anglo-Irish had dual loyalties and dual affections; the one drawing them to England, as the guardian and sponsor of all their estate and all their privileges, the other drawing them to Ireland and the Irish. The one strain produced a Parnell, a Smith O'Brien, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmet, the other a Carson, a Clare, a Norbury.

Great in destruction, great in creation, that society helped to destroy Irish life and Irish civilisation, and in Douglas Hyde Standish O'Grady, Petrie, Parnell, she helped to recreate it in our time.

The Anglo-Irish society—a few hundred thousand men, women and children—could produce Berkeley, the greatest of the English philosophers, not unworthy to find a place among the first dozen of the world's philosophers. The culture bore Edmund Burke, the greatest English political philosopher, Swift—if we admit Swift—a satirist of the company of Aristophanes and Voltaire, and if prose be a medium for conveying the purpose of the writer with simplicity, direction, force and the greatest economy of effort, perhaps the first stylist in English literature; a captain in the art of war, Wellington, second only to Marlborough among the soldiers of England; a tender lyric poet, Goldsmith, the most human, the most simple and the most lovable of the English lyrists; Sheridan, who is reputed to have made the best speech, written the best farce and the best comedy in the English language; Castlereagh, great among the great foreign ministers of England. Parliamentarians, jurists,

proconsuls, orators, revolutionaries, soldiers, sailors of high merit, novelists, dramatists, she bore.

Greater than these was the society itself ; a disciplined, calculating and cultivated community of men and women. Even to-day the dying volcano throws forth the last flames of the Promethean fire, Yeats, a spiritual lyric, poet ; and Shaw, a philosophical dramatist and cosmopolitan world force. Like man in the Elizabethan lyric, Anglo-Ireland had every blessing from the glass save one ; lacking that she failed in all ; for she lacked that which in every age has given blood and survival value to society—a yeoman, a peasant. Scots-Ireland—a much meaner culture—could produce a yeoman. The Irish culture, aborted and perverted, was almost in entirety a peasant culture. Anglo-Ireland could not produce—a peasant ; and failing here she failed in all, and the mind and soul and constitution of society for which she lived has died and died for ever.

II.

In her own interest England must seek a solution of the Irish *imbroglio*. Britain is the most vulnerable of all the powers. Her wide possessions touch every conceivable site of war. They are an alluring prize for hungry and hardy competitors. Her insular position, her large population, the small extent of the mother country, and her weak food position, the increased range and forces of submarine and aeroplane, the concentration of millions in one vast city State, make it essential that she should secure at all costs an easily accessible and fertile source of food.

For the first time in the history of the two countries, Ireland is in relatively a stronger position than Britain : in the sense that the man who falls from a top storey suffers more hurt than one who falls from the ground floor.

It is quite a mistake to believe that the Irish people have any wish for the destruction of Britain. The Irish people are resentful naturally, at the way they were cajoled and tricked over Home Rule. In the same way they were tricked at the Union by the promise of Catholic Emancipation, and tricked at the Treaty of Limerick by the promise of civil liberty.

Hot and passionate against injustice, unrelenting in sustaining a struggle for a cause they believe to be just, no people are less vindictive than the Irish.

There are two logical solutions of the Irish question :—

1. A Dual Monarchy.
2. Independence.

Neither is in the sphere of practical politics.

Britain will not concede the second. It is quite possible on a free plebiscite Ireland would reject severance from the Empire. It is quite possible Britain would now concede the first, were the Irish to enter with whole heart into the dual system. In that event Britain would throw over the Scots-Irish and acknowledge the unity of Ireland and of Irish culture and the end of hyphenated Irishmen.

But here is a paradox. Ireland would have accepted Home Rule in good faith under Redmond. To-day, even if Britain conceded a dual monarchy, it is not a possible solution, because a great number, possibly the majority, would not take the oath of allegiance to a British king even though he were king of a free Ireland.

The more you coerce the Irish the less are they likely to be cowed. Three decades of atonement under Gladstone did more to reconcile Ireland with England than centuries of coercion. By some unhappy fatality all that atonement was wiped out by Carson and the succeeding troubles.

There are two illogical solutions of the Irish question:—

1. External Association.
2. A Dominion of Ireland.

External Association is a form of association by which Britain would recognise Ireland for internal government as an independent nation, and Ireland would be associated with the British Empire and acknowledge the king as king of the British Commonwealth of Nations. That is illogical, because it implies a chief executive officer who would be virtually President of an Irish Republic (an independent State) and yet the citizens of Ireland would have common citizenship with Britain and a common foreign policy. It is illogical, but it is realistic in reference to the present temper of Ireland and the history of Ireland. It emphasises a realistic thing—the essential autonomic and autochthonous character of Irish culture, Irish society and Irish nationhood.

Just as Britain to-day would probably concede the dual monarchy if she were certain the Irish would wholeheartedly enter into dual monarchy, so Britain would concede the Dominion status (and throw over Scots-Ulster) if she were sure Ireland would enter into the Commonwealth wholeheartedly, take the oath and all its implications of devotion and loyalty.

It would seem that a final settlement is not at present possible. There is no common factor between Britain and Ireland. Britain will not acknowledge the unity of Ireland, that political sovereignty in Ireland comes from the Irish people, and having

acknowledged that, then compose the relationship between the two countries. Britain wants first an oath (in the North), partition, and then discussion as to political relationship. The British and Irish are two fundamentally differing positions.

There is much bickering among the Irish concerning partition. Some accuse Redmond. Others accuse those who signed the Treaty. Others accuse Cosgrave, and others blame republicans of all shades for the dismemberment of Ireland.

This is unfair. It is quite unjust to blame Redmond or to blame any Irishman of national allegiance for partition. The roots of partition, and the whole political philosophy behind it stretch seven centuries deep into Irish soil.

I have said in a previous chapter England has had one persistent and dominant policy in face of Ireland.

First, to create an English interest in the island. Second, by means of that interest to hold Ireland and to incorporate her whole and entire if possible into English culture. If that could not be done, then to create a Pale within Ireland, inside which English influence would be supreme.

"Northern Ireland," "Ulster," is an interpretation into the twentieth century vocabulary of the idea of the *pale* (the counties surrounding Dublin) of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Was the Treaty of 1921-2 a vital event in the history of Ireland? In one sense, yes, and in another sense, no. The year 1922 was vital in this—that the evacuation of Dublin by British troops is the third most momentous date in Anglo-Irish history. The first date was obviously 1172—the year of the "conquest." The second date was 1572—symbolic of the time when it was almost certain England would be a Protestant culture, Ireland a Catholic culture. The third date was 1922—the evacuation; the year in which it became almost a moral certainty that some time or other the Irish who controlled three-quarters of Ireland would control the whole island. The Treaty in itself was not significant, in that the whole constitutional foundation and political idea on which it was built has broken down.

On the subject of the Treaty as on partition I think there has been too much bitterness. You must remember the Northern Parliament was established in 1920.

Suppose the negotiations had broken down in 1921, then Britain would have acted most probably in this manner.

First, England had already instituted the "Northern" Parliament; endowed it with all the functions of government,

a judiciary, a police, an executive, and a legislature. Behind the northern frontier would have been placed all the resources of Britain. The Scots-Irish had not the slightest intention of voluntarily entering an Irish Parliament in 1921-2; nor do I believe they will ever voluntarily enter an Irish Parliament. Nor do I believe Britain ever will voluntarily withdraw the British force on which partition rests.

Second, Britain would for the moment have governed the twenty-six counties as a Crown colony. That status was manifestly impossible in the third decade of the twentieth century. The Irish had passed out of that stage of tutelage. There would have been the usual murders, reprisals, burnings, and the position would have been intolerable on both sides. The Archbishop of Canterbury would have made his usual speech. The British labour delegation would have come to Ireland. The British Friends of Freedom would have issued a manifesto. Negotiations would have been opened between the Irish and the British. The subject of partition would have been broached. It would have been waived aside; "if the Irish could only agree among themselves . . ." And there would have been three solutions left.

1. A Dominion of the twenty-six counties.
2. External association of the twenty-six counties.
3. Independence of the twenty-six counties.

The first solution would have been impossible. The Irish, with their country visibly dismembered and with bitter memories of recent events, would have been in no mood to take an oath to a British king.

There would have been left the last two solutions. And if she were pushed to it Britain would have preferred that the twenty-six counties should secede altogether rather than let go her hold of the six counties.

She would have argued: "With the six counties in my power I can always overrun Ireland in time of war. If I let go the six counties I am undone. The Scots-Irish may prove to be more rebel than the rebels. And all the labour of seven and a half centuries may be dissipated in a night."

Instead of bickering over partition, which was probably inevitable in 1914, and certainly was inevitable in 1921-2, which in any event was not designed by any Irish nationalist, no matter what his religion or what his political theory, I think it would be much better for all Irish nationalists, now that the oath is gone and there is no impediment on conscience, to come together, unite and lend their energies to problems of social

justice ; to abolishing slums ; to ensure decent livelihood to all citizens, and to elevate the nation's culture—music, drama, literature, painting, sculpture, architecture. If the Irish resolve for the moment to bow to the unanswerable argument of overwhelming force, they may find here a richer harvest than in the field of politics.

For it is by these things—social justice and the arts—that every society and every nation is finally judged.

There will come to this Irish people as there has come to every European people the conflict between a secular and a supramundane organisation of life—the last rearguard action in that far-flung line which stretches from the Renaissance and the Reformation to our day.

No one can tell what will be the culture of Ireland in days to come, whether it will be Catholic or Liberal, ultramontane Catholic, Liberal Catholic. Humanly speaking, we can say it will not be Protestant, will not be Communist. No one can tell what the political form will be—whether it will be a federation with Britain or Independence. One thing we can assert with almost certainty, whatever be the culture, whatever be the political form this island and this people will be one reposing, not on the arbitrament of a faction or a section ; resting rather on the broad basis of the people's will.

Here in this pleasant rockgirt island home, with all the memories of a race penetrating to the remotest memory of man, with no desire to impose dominion on any other people, with a passionate and consuming love of the motherland, this Irish people guarded by the rock of cliff and surge and thunder of the ocean and the sea is inviolate, is invincible.

JAMES DEVANE

na leannáin

Cá bfuil ár leannáin
Táir fé lic na marb
Doibneode a mbeada
Sciamaíge a n-áitreab.

1aó le h-ais na n-aingeal
1 ngorm-doirnéas deir
Molad aca a's caintic
No maéair míc Dé

A óig óg fé bládaet,
A cáilín fínn ion-nuaéair
A leanaíain do págaó
'S go meáann tú fé éian

Ais mionzáiríde 'n bur súilíú
Tá'n tsíorruiéaet ro-doirín :
A éoirsí 'san doimán do múcaó,
Ar neamh búr n-átaónaó' !

GERARD DE NERVAL

τÓRAM

'Sé an suan fé soiléaraet é, nac eitinn noéair laige
ar an leabair no 'san iat.

'Sé an cara é nac áilgeasac noéair fainn. An Cara.

'Sí an ionmáin í nac céasann noéair céastar. An Ionmáin.

An t-aer agus an saogal nár cuartuígeaó. An Deaéa.

ARTHUR RIMBAUD

(Aistriúgte ón bFraincís le D. O. O'Dailein).

AMORTISATION OF THE TRIBUTES

No one has more than a vague idea of how much tribute Irish society, as a whole, has to pay to heirs and heiresses and accumulators of legal rights to "property." We have not many investigators among us, finding out the facts of the situation, but we know we are all being mulcted every day. For myself I feel no strong objection to paying a royalty to an inventor even though he may now be living idly instead of usefully, nor fat dividends to a first-rate industrial organiser, whose executive genius has produced a great manufacturing plant to supply me with things I want. So long as arrangements are made for everybody to have enough I do not grudge these people their satisfactions. What I do dislike is being perpetually dunned in order to pay tribute to people who never did a thing to earn it. What, for example, did that nice old lady living in the hotel ever do that I should have to give her a few coppers every time I go to Mullingar? She has railway debentures that were left to her by her grandfather, who bought them three-quarters of a century ago, and her idea, and the idea of the law, is that as long as Ireland lasts the Irish public shall go on paying interest to her, her heirs and their heirs, in perpetuity—an entirely unearned and undeserved tribute that is legally due from us all to certain gracious but undeserving individuals. Of course death duties may take away some of these rights, but as likely as not if the old lady's executors have to sell some of her debentures in order to pay the death duties they will be bought by a religious order—a corporate body that never dies and, therefore, never pays a death duty. It is not only the old lady to whom I have to give my coppers every time I buy a ticket; it is also to the various religious organisations of all denominations who figure so largely among the shareholders. All these, and many more, have their ever-to-be-blessed debentures, their legal right to a perpetual tribute from the public. Out of its annual traffic receipts of less than £4,000,000 the Great Southern Railways Company pays, and will be expected under present law always to pay, £375,600 in interest and dividends on its debentures and guaranteed stocks, or not less than one shilling and tenpence halfpenny out of every pound paid to it for passenger receipts or freight charges. There is no moral justification for this. The people who built the lines that are now merged into the Great Southern Railways

were entitled to their reward, and I should have had no violent objection to the reward being somewhat swollen if money was what they did it for, but I object very much now to having to pay rewards for nothing, and to the prospect of such rewards still being paid to certain favoured parties as long as the railway and the Irish public last. A railway should be run at cost, for the public benefit. There should be no such thing as a hereditary first claim by private individuals on its takings. I object to paying over three shillings to the old lady or the nuns or the Orangemen or whoever it may be every time I go to Cork.

The Company is bound by law and by an honourable undertaking to pay this interest for ever. So, so long as it can do so it must. If it cannot the debenture holders can confiscate it and become its sole owners. It is, however, subject to the laws of the State, and these laws are implicitly in existence to promote social welfare. At present the law upholds the validity of the claims of the owners of debentures and other stocks, but all such validity is subject to law. There can be no pretence of the existence of a natural right to incomes of this kind. No man should have the right to say that the public in future generations must pay tribute to certain people. Such incomes of this kind as now exist can either be upheld by law, as at present, or by new legislation modified or annulled, and the first consideration should be the public interest. That this is already acknowledged to some extent was shown a few years ago when the present Government passed laws reducing the par value of all the Great Southern Railways stocks. Debentures were cut from £100 to £85, Guaranteed stocks from £100 to £60, and so on, till hardly anything was left of the Preference and Ordinary shares. In letting the matter stop there it may seem as though a great opportunity was missed, but at any rate the principle of the public's rights was demonstrated. The method adopted appeared to be clumsy, but in effect a valuable precedent was established.

Having set that movement going we should go further and take steps to bring all such tributes and rights to a gradual end, and to accomplish this without social upheaval or the creation of new distresses. Elsewhere I have indicated one way in which progress can be made—by permitting the payment of death duties in Irish securities or real property instead of, as at present, in cash only, and thus placing the State in the position of a holding company, gradually acquiring a larger and larger interest in the country's capital. That, however, is not enough. It is too slow, and it does not lessen the weight of the

burden borne by travellers and shippers. The public ought to see itself being gradually emancipated. My suggestion on this point is that no mortgage, debenture, or other such claim should have a life of more than fifty years. This would actually make very little difference to the present value of securities of this kind. A four per cent. perpetual debenture would become a terminable four per cent. fifty year annuity, and at the outset the market value of the one would be almost as great as that of the other, for the present value of an income beginning in fifty years' time is almost nil. If this had been the law at the time when the Irish railway companies were first started, the public would not now be required to pay its annual tributes to the undeserving descendants of the useful people who constructed the lines ; and if executors in the past had been allowed to pay death duties in shares instead of in cash the public would probably already be in possession of a sizeable block of ordinary and preference shares as well as of guaranteed and debenture holdings, and we should be heading straight for public ownership and control, with the directors responsible to the State instead of to parasitic individuals.

Exactly the same principles should apply to tramway and omnibus, gas and water companies, but just where it should stop, if, indeed, it should stop anywhere, is rather too big a question to be discussed in this essay. It is greatly to be hoped, however, that no one will ever get the idea that a mere redistribution of wealth of this kind will ever settle our social difficulties. It will help, and a system such as I have suggested, that keeps surplus wealth continually revolving, becomes more necessary to social justice as total wealth grows greater ; but a much more rapid increase in total wealth is also needed as well as better facilities for enjoying its benefits. In other words, we come as always to the necessity for a monetary system that will stimulate both wealth production and wealth consumption, and also mere wealth enjoyment. Any such system as that will obviously have to be under public control and managed in the public interest.

THE GOBÁN SAOR

AUNT SUZANNE

THE McKinleys all went down to the station to meet their Aunt Suzanne who was coming to take care of them now that their mother was dead. Mary, the eldest, was fifteen, Annie was eleven, and wee Arthur, the baby, as they called him, was nine. They boarded a tram at the foot of the street and after much pleading and hauling, Arthur got them to go up on top. He loved the top of the tram, to kneel on the ribbed seat, and to feel the wind dunting his face and combing his hair.

To-day he leaned over the iron railings looking down at the top of the driver's cap; the cap was shiny and greasy, and a large lump knuckled up in the centre. Arthur tried to light a spit on it when Mary wasn't looking, but at last she spied him, slapped his hands, promising that never again would she come on top with him. The kneeling on the seat had imprinted red furrows on his knees, and he fingered them till a passing sandwich-man caught his eye. He stood up looking bewilderedly after the walking triangle of boards, watching the legs of the man and wondering how he could see out. When he asked Mary how the man could see, Annie chimed in: "You're a stupid wee fella; did you not see the peep-hole in the board?" Arthur made up his mind there and then that he would be a sandwich-man walking round and round the street, just like a motor-car.

At the station they had to wait, Mary telling and retelling Arthur not to be forgetting his manners, occasionally taking his hands out of his pockets, and pulling down his brown jersey. Overhead arched the glass roof, pigeons cooing along the girders and sparrows chirping in and out. Three taxi-drivers sat on the running-board of a car reading a newspaper, and near them a cab-horse fed wheezily out of a nose-bag. There was plenty of time, and Mary put a penny in a chocolate machine, letting Arthur pull out the drawer. The chocolate was neatly wrapped in silver paper, but when she went to divide it, it was so thin it crumpled in her hands.

As Arthur ate his chocolate he was fascinated by a huge-coloured advertisement—a smiling girl poised on a white-rigged bottle that splashed through the sea. He could read some of the words and Annie helped him to read others, but when he

asked unanswerable questions about the bottle, Annie told him to look out for the train and play at who-would-see-it-first coming in along the shiny lines.

A bell began to ring somewhere, and the taxi-drivers got up, dusting their clothes. Mary moved along the platform where the red, steel bumpers and the porters with their noisy trucks filled Arthur's mind with nameless longings. Presently there came a vibrating tumble like thunder and the train came panting in, smoke hitting the glass roof with all its might.

Mary fidgeted, "Now you two hold on to me tight. Don't get lost; look out for Aunt Suzanne. She's small; she'll be in black; she has a—— She has a—— She has a——Oh! I see her! There she is!" People hurried past, brushing roughly against wee Arthur till he was ready to cry from fright, but Mary's gleeful shouts sent a breathless, weak excitement over him. And then, as if she had jumped out of the ground, he was looking up at Aunt Suzanne.

She was a wee woman, not as tall as Mary, with a black plush coat, a yellow crinkly face, and a black hat skewered with enormous hat-pins. But as he looked down below her coat, he saw something funny: he saw one boot, and where the other should be was a ring of iron. Mary nipped him. "Aunt Suzanne's speaking to you."

"And who's this?"

"That's Arthur."

"A lovely little boy, God bless him," she said, touching his cheek with a cold hand.

"And what book are you in?"

"Third," Mary replied for him.

"Third! Isn't that a great little man! . . . and this is Annie. Well, well, she was only a wee baby when I saw her last, a lovely wee baby. Tut, tut, tut. How the time flies!"

Annie relieved her of a band-box; Mary took her black glossy bag, and linking her by the arm, they began to move off slowly along the cement platform. Occasionally Auntie Sue would stop and say: "Well, well, it's like old times again!" But the clink of the iron foot on the pavement made Arthur twist and turn so that he could see how it moved. When Mary saw him gaping she scowled at him, and for the moment he would look in front, fixing his gaze on a horse or a tram, but always there came the clink-clink of iron on stone, and always he'd turn his head and gaze at the foot, then the iron, the boot again, and then the——

"Walk on a minute, Auntie, Arthur's boot's loosed." Mary

pushed Arthur to the side and began to untie his laces and bow them tightly again, until Aunt Suzanne and Annie were out of hearing. "Now," she said, pointing a threatening finger at him. "If I—get—you—looking—at Auntie's leg there's no telling what I'll give you. Do you hear me! Come along and be a good boy. You'll never get out with us again! Never!" She tightened up his blue and white tie and pulled him along by the hand.

Into a tram they got, Annie and Arthur sitting opposite Mary and Aunt Suzanne.

"No, no, child dear, I'll get them," said Aunt Suzanne when the conductor came along. Mary handed the tickets to Arthur to look at, but he only turned them over in his hand, and then his eyes swivelled to the iron foot that didn't reach the floor. Once he looked up at her face staring at it fixedly. Below her hat were two wings of grey hair, and from the corners of her buttony nose, were two deep lines making a letter A with her mouth. There were a few white hairs on her chin, and her eyes were brown and sunken. Suddenly the eyes narrowed, and wee Arthur returned his Auntie's smile. He decided that he was going to like her, but he hoped that he hadn't to sleep with her because of her iron-leg.

Passing up the street he felt that all the wee lads would be looking at his Auntie, with her clop-clink, clop-clink. If she'd only cover it with a stocking and put paste-board inside it, nobody'd hear it or know what it was. Suddenly he left them and ran over to three of his companions who were standing with their hands behind their backs looking at a baker's horse. To show off before his Auntie he ran under the horse's legs and out by the other side. "Holy misfortunes what a child!" said Auntie Sue, frightened to a standstill.

"Arthur!" Mary yelled.

Arthur came running back and Mary gave him a stinging smack on the jaw. "You've been working for that this day." All the way to the house, and into the house, he sobbed and sniffed. "Wait'll me da comes home till yez see what yez'll get!"

"That's just it," said Mary, "Me da has him spoiled!"

"Sh-sh-sh, big little mans don't cry. Tut-tut," pleaded Auntie Sue. "Give me my bag till you see what I have for you, and none for the rest," she continued, casting a wink at Mary and Annie. When Arthur heard the happy rustle of paper his sobs became less frequent, and when he received a piece of sugar-stick coloured like a barber's pole, he sat on the

fender sucking contentedly, and even suffered Mary to wipe his face with a damp cloth.

Aunt Suzanne rested on the frayed couch looking with admiration at the clean tiles on the floor, and the white-scrubbed table, then up at the mantelpiece where two delph dogs stood guarding a row of shining brass ware—horse-shoes, two candlesticks, a rigged ship, and a little three-legged pot containing a bunch of matches.

"Yiv the place shining," she said proudly. "Did you do it all by yourself, Mary?—You and Annie. Och-och, but it's nice to see two sisters agreeable."

Mary took the band-box and the glossy bag and put them in a room off the kitchen. Then she poked the fire to hurry on the kettle while Annie spread a clean newspaper on the table and laid down the cups and saucers, Aunt Suzanne stretched herself out on the sofa, and wee Arthur was sent out to play till the big people had finished their tea. From the table they could see, through the cotton-lace curtain on the window, out on to the street and the red-bricked houses opposite; and many's the question Mary had to answer about the neighbours; the gossipy ones, the friendly ones, and the borrowing ones.

Just when they had finished their tea Arthur came crying into the yard and battered impatiently at the scullery door. "What's up now?" asked Mary, letting him in. He didn't answer, but ran to Auntie Sue. She took him in her arms and nursed him, but he scratched his cheek on a brooch in her breast and cried all the more.

"What's wrong my pigeon? What's wrong my darling? Tell your Auntie Sue."

"The wee-lads called you iron-hoof and cork leg!" he whimpered.

"There's a cheeky lot of gets about this place," said Mary. "Wait'll I get my hands on some of them."

"And what did you say to them?" asked Auntie Sue, shaking him to and fro.

"I said you hadn't a cork leg," he replied, bursting into more tears.

"There! there! there!!" consoled Auntie.

"Maybe God'll give some of them a bad leg before very long," put in Annie.

"God forbid, child dear; sure they're only childer, and mean no harm."

They were relieved when Arthur stopped whimpering for they never knew at what time their father would step in on them

and find Arthur in tears. It was late that night, however, when he came home from work in the flour-mill, and they had all gone to bed except Auntie Sue.

Whilst he shaved in a looking-glass hung to a nail in the mantelpiece, his face under the gas-light, he kept up a chat with her. Later he talked about old times and about Armagh where Suzie came from, and then he fell silent for a long time, looking at the flames nodding and leaping in the fire, and the flakes of soot shivering in the wide chimney. She, too, fell silent with her hands joined on her lap, looking at the wrinkles of flour in his boots, and thinking of his poor wife, her own sister. And then without preface he turned to her: "Tell me, Suzie, are you off the bottle?"

"Off the bottle!" she started. "Not a drop of strong drink has wet my lips this many a long year. I forget the taste of it; that's the God's truth, Daniel!"

"I'm glad to hear it. It's the devil's own poison. Poor Katy, God be good to her, would be here now only for it."

"Aye! Aye!" she nodded, taking a handkerchief and dabbing her eyes.

He looked at her awkwardly for a minute and said: "You'll be dead tired after journey . . . Be good to the childer, Susie, and keep a tight eye on wee Arthur . . . Good-night now!"

After the first week or two, wee Arthur and Auntie Sue became great friends. He no longer stared at her iron-leg and no longer paid heed to its stamping up the stairs or its clinking across the tiles. Auntie Sue was good to him and paid him halfpennies for gathering cinders. With a battered bucket, a piece of card-board covering the hole in the bottom, he would go out to the waste-ground at the back of the long row of small houses. There the neighbours flung out their ashes, cabbage stalks, and potato skins. He would squat for hours on his hunkers, rummaging with a stick for the blue-black cinders, until the bucket would be nearly filled. Then up with him carrying the bucket in front with his two arms under the handle. Aunt Suzanne would open the yard-door at his knock, "That's the man; them'll make a grand fire; there's nothing like cinders," and out would come the black purse, and a penny or a halfpenny would be squeezed into an eager hand.

One warm day when Annie and Mary were down the town, Arthur wanted to earn a penny for the pictures and he took out the bucket to gather cinders. The cinders were hot under the sun, and near him barefooted boys sat with broken mirror-glass sending leaves of sunlight into the cool corners of the

houses. Men, waistcoats unbuttoned, sat with newspapers over their heads, and when the wee lads shone the mirrors on them they got up and chased them. On the yard-walls thrushes and goldfinches in their cages sang madly in the sun. Dogs stood about with hanging tongues and heaving sides. But Arthur worked on.

The sun scorched down on him and a creak came in his neck, but only a few cinders lay in the bottom of the bucket. He sighed, wiped the sweat from his face with the sleeve of his jersey, and hoked on.

He felt very thirsty and came into the yard where the blue tiles burned under his feet. All the doors were open, but the air was still. Two fly-papers covered with flies hung from the clothes line in the kitchen. He looked around for Aunt Suzanne and pushed open her room door; there she was sitting on the bed with a flat bottle of gurgling yellow liquid to her mouth.

"Aw, give's a slug?"

"Merciful God, where did you come from? You put the heart out of me!" She put the cork in the bottle. "Pw-pt-th," she said in disgust, making wry faces. "Rotten medicine! Worse than castor, but poor Auntie has to take it!"

She went to the sink in the scullery to get him a drink, the splashing tap spilling coolness into the air. Arthur held the wet-cold cup in his two hands and drank noisily. He drank two cupfuls, finishing with a deep sigh. She gave him a half-penny. "Don't tell your da that poor Auntie has to take medicine, he'd be vexed to hear it. Now go and gather your cinders."

Later he returned with an almost empty bucket and found Aunt Suzanne snoring on the sofa. He started to sing loudly so as to waken her, and she got up and poked the fire vigorously.

"Give's a penny for the pictures?"

"If I'd a penny I'd frame it, and you with no cinders!"

"G'on," he whimpered, "or I'll tell me da about your medicine."

"Get out of me sight! Do you think I'm made of money!" she said crossly.

"G'on!"

She lifted the poker in anger, and Arthur raced into the yard. He barricaded himself in an old disused goat-shed and started to sing:

"Boiled beef and carrots,
Boiled beef and carrots,
And porter for Suzanne."

He was innocent of the cruel implication, but it riled Auntie Sue and she hammered at the door with the poker and flung jugfuls of water in at him through the loose boards. "The devil has the hold of you, me boyo. Wait'll yer da hears this and you'll get it!"

He yelled louder; and, thinking of the neighbours, she went in and left him. He heard the bar shoot with finality in the scullery door and her last words: "You'll not get in the night! G'on now about your business."

All the evening he was in the dumps and sat far out on the waste ground at the back of the house. Annie came out with sweets in her hand and coaxed him in, assuring him that Auntie Sue was not going to touch him. And sure enough she had a Paris bun for his tea and jam for his bread. Then she kissed him and packed him off early to bed.

That night the father returned to the nightly ritual of family prayers which had been upset by the arrival of Suzanne in their midst. All knelt except Auntie Sue, who sat on a low chair with her rosary beads twined round one hand, the other resting on her lap. She closed her eyes as she answered the responses, and when she opened them there was always something to distract her: a new seat was needed for Daniel's trousers; a stitch in Annie's dress. Then she fell to dreaming as she looked at Mary's two plaits tied at the ends with green ribbon; hair like her poor mother, God rest her. And then Annie's one plait with a broken ivory clasp; that's what she'd buy them at Christmas, two nice clasps, and maybe brooches with their names on them. A creak from Daniel's chair brought her mind back with a start, and she asked God to forgive her for such distraction as she turned to her beads again. But when he said solemnly "All now repeat the Heroic Offering after me," she felt weak, and her heart pounded so loudly she thought they'd all hear it.

"For Thy greater glory and consolation, O Sacred Heart of Jesus . . . God forgive me for telling lies to that saintly man. For Thy sake to give good example . . . and wee Arthur saw me swilling it. To practice self-denial . . . and me with a bottle under a board in the room; but I didn't take much this day. To make reparation to Thee for the sins of intemperance. . . . God forgive me! God forgive me for being a hypocrite! I can't repeat the next of it. I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks for life."

She listened to the end of it with tightened lips, afraid to profane the sacred words, and thankful for the way the children

almost shouted it. She was glad to get into the comfortable darkness of her room where she lay twisting and turning for a long time before sleep came to her.

After that Auntie Sue was cautious and always had a secret slug behind a locked door and kept the bottles under a loose floor-board. It was Arthur she feared. He was always appearing at surprising moments, stalking her, playing at Indians, pretending to himself that she was a squaw on horseback, her iron-ring reminding him of a stirrup. But Annie and Mary were the sensible children !

They looked forward to Arthur's bedtime, for with their father at some Sodality meeting, they had their Auntie to themselves. They would ply her with questions : about her school days : about Armagh, and the games she played when she was young. And Auntie sitting on the sofa between them, Annie hugging one arm and Mary the other, would turn to one and then the other looking down at their anxious eyes as she told them scraps of her life. Before Daniel would come in she'd sing for them verse after verse of " Lady Mouse."

" Lady Mouse are you within ?

Hh, Hm—m—m—m,

Lady Mouse are you within ?

Yes, kind sir, as she sat and spun,

Hm, Hm—m—m—m."

They had it by heart now and all three hummed the hm—ms that ended each verse. Sometimes the hm-hms would be so prolonged by Annie and Mary till one or other would burst out laughing, and Auntie Sue would hold her sides. " I'll be kilt laughing, I'll be kilt."

She sang for them songs of the countryside ; courting songs and songs of Ireland's heroes and Ireland's traitors; and maybe she'd give them riddles and phrases to say quickly. " Three grey geese in a green full of grazing, grey were the geese and green was the grazing." She taught them how to knit and how to crochet. Then of a Sunday she'd read to them out of her prayer book, and though the print was as big as that in a child's primer she always followed the words with her finger.

In the long November nights when the pains would come into her legs she'd go off to her bed early, and then Annie and Mary would come slipping into the room with a mug of hot tea for her and two big slices of loaf bread. They'd light the candle and sit on the edge of the bed. While Auntie would be sipping her tea and dipping the bread in it her eyes would travel round the Holy Pictures that she had tacked to the wall. " I have a

quare squad of them around me and there's none of them like that fella there," she'd say, pointing to a picture of St. Patrick banishing the snakes. "A decent fella, a real gentleman, many's a good turn he done me."

Up through the long winter months she drank little, and now and again at the family prayers she was on the verge of promising to abstain for life, but something told her she'd never keep it. Christmas came and she taught the children how to bake, and she bought them brooches like her own with the words "Annie" and "Mary" in silver-white stones, and for Arthur a tram conductor's cap and a ticket-puncher.

Then one cold winter's day when the snow had fallen and Annie and Mary had gone for messages, Auntie Sue was in the house alone. The coalman hadn't come, and there was little coal for the fire. She felt cold. She closed all the doors, but still there seemed to slice through every crevice in the house, a wicked, icy draught. Her teeth chattered and she lifted the wrinkled quilt off her bed and put it round her shoulders, looking miserably through the kitchen window at the white street and the light fading from the sky. Her thin blood craved for a drop of warmth; and not as much as a thimbleful of "medicine" in the house to wet her lips or make a nip of punch. Without waiting to talk it over in her mind, she left two-and-fivepence on the kitchen table for the coalman, put on her black plush coat and hat, took her umbrella, and out with her.

The hard snow lay deep in the street, yellowed by cart ruts and blackened by coal-dust. In the sky a few stars were coming out. She put up her umbrella though the snow wasn't falling. She passed neighbours cleaning their doorways with shovels, and now and again heard the wet sad sloosh of a brush. A few snowballs thubbed on the top of her umbrella and she hurried on, her iron-ring cutting circles in the snow. Then wee Arthur came running up and she gave him a penny to buy sweets for himself. She turned the corner on to the main road, saw rags of snow on the wheels of a cart, and the rich glow on a coal-man's face as he lit his swinging lamp. The snow slushed in her boot and she shivered.

She went into "The Bee Hive" and sat in a snug near the stove. There was dry sawdust on the floor, a smell of new varnish, and a great glow of heat. She'd have a nice drop of punch. She held out her hands to the heat and smiled sweetly as she heard the tight scringe of a cork coming out of a bottle.

That night the children were long in bed and Auntie Sue had not returned. Daniel was seated on the sofa in the firelight, a pair

of his trousers drying on the back of a chair and the children's wet boots in a row on the fender. A quilt of snow fell from the roof into the yard. A knock came to the front door. Daniel lit the gas, and when he opened the door, there was Aunt Suzanne paralytic drunk hanging between the arms of two men. They linked her into the kitchen and plopped her on the sofa, her skirt and coat dripping wet, her hair in rats' tails about her face, her hat feathered with snow. She sang to herself pieces of "Lady Mouse," and then burst out laughing. "Three gay grease," she said, "No, that's not it. Poor Auntie Sue can't say 'Thee geese geen'——."

Daniel stood in the middle of the floor looking at the wet miserable woman on the sofa. She looked up at him with half-shut eyes, "as dacent a man as ever walked in shoe leather."

He went into her room and bundled all the things he could find into her band-box. He opened the door and looked up and down the street. It was empty and all the kitchen windows lit. A gramophone was playing and a child crying. The snow was falling, falling with a sparkle against the lamp lights, and falling quietly on the window-sills and the shut doors. Over the white-silent roofs the cold sky was sprayed with stars. A man with bowed head passed and said: "That's a hardy night," Daniel heard him kicking the snow off his boots against a doorstep, and a door closing. He came inside. Auntie Sue had leaned back on the sofa, her hands listless, her eyes shut. He took his trousers from the back of the chair, put out the gas, and threw an overcoat over the huddled figure.

In the morning Auntie Sue was leaving and they all went down on the tram to see her off. Arthur knelt on the seat looking out, and no one chastised him when he pursed his lips against the window. They spoke little. They could find no words to say to each other.

At the station before getting into the carriage Aunt Suzanne gave Arthur a penny. Her eyes were wet as she held Annie's and Mary's hands and stroked them lovingly. They couldn't look up at her, but stood awkwardly swaying to and fro. The train slid out and they lifted their arms and waved them wearily, tears filling their eyes. Arthur stood watching the smoke and the back of the receding train. Then he plucked at Mary's coat. "Come on quick," he said, but they didn't seem to hear him, and he ran on in front to the chocolate machine with the penny Auntie Sue had given him.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

IRISH IN THE SCHOOLS

To revive the patient roll him in a shroud and pretend to yourself and to the rest of the world that he is already quite dead. This novel and simple method of resuscitation as prescribed by Dr. Dillon in a recent article entitled "Irish in the Schools" is due to meet with a hearty welcome from the "practical man" in Ireland to-day. As the Dr. truly says, "the heart has its reasons" and so the average Irishman is loth to see the national language die; but for other, and less mysterious reasons, he is equally loth to pay the heavy price which the Gaelic renaissance entails. Now, thanks to Dr. Dillon, a pleasant plan is placed before the public for the preservation of Irish "with the minimum disturbance to the lives of the people concerned" since it seems that no great price need be paid after all. To try to kill belief in a popular and comforting doctrine such as this is likely to prove a thankless task almost savouring of cruelty, for "*Libenter homines id, quod volunt, credunt.*"

It is the aim of the Education Department to ensure the gradual increase of Irish as the ordinary medium of speech in the Schools of Ireland. Dr. Dillon's article is a plea for the abandonment of that programme in favour of a scheme under which Irish, treated as a dead language, is to be confined to certain formal class periods. With much that Dr. Dillon has written there can be little disagreement, but, unfortunately, it is in those facts which have most bearing on his main theme that he is definitely misinformed so, in spite of a sincere respect for Dr. Dillon as a scholar, the present writer after a fairly wide experience of secondary teaching under the new régime, is forced to disagree emphatically with his general conclusions.

A frank and timely protest against that slightly false applause often accorded by over tolerant enthusiasts to slovenly third-class work done in Irish is very welcome. Never before, perhaps, has the value of Irish literature as a medium for training the mind of young Ireland been so clearly stated. Too seldom, hitherto, has public attention been directed to the lamentable dearth of suitable text-books available for the teaching of that literature in our schools. Granted then, that Irish books are often "silly or dull or badly written," that Irish plays are badly produced in most places and that a great deal needs to be

done towards making the best things in our literature accessible to young students, it is yet difficult to see how these evils are to be eradicated by banishing Irish as a living tongue from our schools.

The whole case for the proposed new programme seems to be based on the false premise that a spoken knowledge of a language and the study of its literature are mutually disadvantageous. The contrary is the truth. Does a knowledge of spoken English militate against a proper appreciation of Yeats? Some, it seems, hold that Irish should be taught as a living language, others that it should be treated as an "educational subject." Who are these people who think so strangely? Any teacher who has taught in "A," "B" and "C" schools knows the comparative ease with which Irish literature can be taught in an "A" or all Irish school. Only here, where the students have ample opportunities for hearing Irish spoken, can the Irish hour be profitably devoted to the study of serious prose or poetry. The truth of the matter is that the written and spoken word each contributes something to the educational value of a modern language and the real tragedy is that, where the teaching of Irish is concerned, the spoken word is often almost entirely neglected.

This is where Dr. Dillon is so seriously misinformed as to imagine that Irish schools at present concentrate on producing "fluency in the very incorrect speaking of Irish." Now a perfect mania for success at examinations has seized upon the schools of Ireland. The annual Department Examinations are looked upon as a kind of "Grand National," and the real aims of education are lost sight of in a frantic effort to bring in the winner. In this unhealthy struggle for honours no marks are awarded to oral Irish, as no oral examination is held, and so no time worth speaking of is sacrificed to oral Irish in a great many of our Secondary Schools. In other words Irish is now taught in these schools as Dr. Dillon wishes. The benefit to Irish literature is small. Perhaps, then, if our literature is ever to occupy a healthy position in school life the suitable prescription may prove to be more, and not less, oral Irish.

A language cannot be restored in a week or a year. It is quite true that "if in twenty or thirty years towns such as Dingle, Clifden, Oughterard, etc., are really Irish-speaking, the revival will be on its way to victory"; but, if the people of the rest of Ireland can bring themselves to believe that such a revival will take place in the West while they confine their efforts to a pleasant perusal of the "TÁIN," then they are very simple

indeed. An English-speaking shopkeeper in Galway, unfortunately, is just as English-speaking as his compatriot in Dublin; the trouble and expense of doing business in two languages proves as great a strain on him, and he would greatly resent his children being asked to do something from which a Dublin child was to be excused. Why should he be disturbed in his life rather than the Corkman or the man from Ballyjamesduff? No! Irish has returned and will return to Galway in exact ratio to the advance made in the East. If the rest of the country should tire of the effort then in thirty years, instead of an Irish-speaking Galway, we shall have an English-speaking Connemara. This, however, is not likely to happen.

The land has been won for the people, and a parliament in Dublin, and the right to build up industries. Each struggle in turn brought about a hateful disturbance in the lives of men which those of the "better class" bitterly resented. Always there were these "rebels" who wanted to attempt the impossible and so make everyone uncomfortable; but in the long run the "rebels" had their way, because in spite of much grumbling the ordinary people by some instinctive understanding were led to support them; and so it will be with the language revival. That feeling much mistrusted, yet strongly shared, by Dr. Dillon that we should support the Irish language because it is our own will be accepted without much analysis or criticism by the workers of Ireland whose political instinct is generally sound and it is their good will which will make this most drastic and difficult of all Irish revolutions possible.

SHEILA KENNEDY

ART

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

Some remarkable statements were made in the course of a lecture on French Painting of the nineteenth century delivered to the R.D.S. early last month. According to the newspaper reports, which were markedly unanimous, the lecturer said that pictorial art before Cezanne was "dumb." This view is so completely at variance with the usual one that its very temerity commands respect, but surely it is an over-statement? Before Cezanne art may occasionally have been trite, stupid or sentimental, but it was never dumb. It is *since* Cezanne that art has become dumb, so inarticulate, in fact, that far more energy is used in explaining it than in producing it.

The reports of the lecture proceed—"Cezanne realised the danger, and introduced a new synthesis and a new constructive style. In this the emphasis was laid, not on the appearance of the thing, but on its actual existence. Everything was reduced to its simplest form of an almost geometrical nature. The painter became constructive. He no longer gave what one saw actually at one specific moment, but concentrated on those ground elements which constituted its permanent form. Out of these he built his painting, and the whole picture was planned. He related only what everyone else saw."

It is of course possible that the lecturer said nothing of the kind. The reporters may have reduced his remarks to their simplest almost geometrical form, and magnificently disregarding the mere sound of what he said, as reporters will, may have reproduced it in what they considered its permanent form. But these are not reportorial phrases; they bear the stamp of authenticity, and at any rate, if not what the lecturer said they might well be, since they are much what a thousand other lecturers are saying about the same things.

"Modern Art Explained" is the caption of one report in our newspapers. This is rather hard on Modern Art, which is well able to speak for itself, but it does illustrate a general feeling that a great deal of contemporary work, which may conveniently be called Modernist, requires a book of words. Unfortunately the book of words is in a foreign language and seems to call for a further lecture on "The Explanation of Modernist Art Explained."

There is only one kind of experience which cannot be conveyed by ordinary words and images, that kind which transcends human experience and is called mystical. Modernist Art does not claim to be an expression of religious ecstasy, indeed the indications are all the other way and we must suppose (firmly suppressing all thoughts of diabolical ecstasy and the Black Mass) that words used to illustrate or explain these experiments retain the meanings commonly given them.

What then is meant by reducing a thing to its simplest, almost geometrical form? The only meaning which can be tortured into this phrase is, that underlying the familiar anatomy of a man or a tree there is some hitherto unsuspected framework which approximates a geometric shape. There seems little to choose between the man who insists he is a poached egg and the man

who believes he is a cylinder. But if a man does believe he is carrying such a dark secret under his skin, it is still a mystery why laying it bare should afford him any aesthetic pleasure. Is it not just a little bit silly to pretend that by substituting for natural objects some simpler "almost geometrical forms," they can be made more satisfactory, truer, or more beautiful! And what does permanent form mean? Or the existence of a thing as distinct, pictorially, from its appearance? It is clearly impossible to rationalise these phrases. Is pictorial art static or dynamic? "Do I sleep, do I dream?" Are our legs being pulled? Perhaps this is the most charitable conclusion, and it is the one which prompted the following Ballade, composed by a friend who had one over the eight. One can deduce from these verses a lack of co-ordination between the higher centres of the brain, but this was due to a purely temporary condition and must not be taken as the author's permanent form. He is frequently sober.

BALLADE OF CLOSING TIME.

I.

Reduce me to my geometric form!
Find out my permanent and final guise!
Once and for all I want to know my norm,
I am alarmed about my changing size.
No longer do I wish to sink or rise
Or sway with every random breeze that blows
And if, alas, I fail to crystallise,
I hanker for a lampost in repose.

II.

Though all the world refuses to conform,
Though streets stand up and dominate the skies,
Spare me one lampost solid in the storm
That I may cling to with a wild surmise.
I don't care how it's painted (if it dries),
I know my sentiment is all a pose.
I know it's weakness—but my courage dies,
I hanker for a lampost in repose.

III.

I may be but a simpleton (or gorm),
Simple enough to sentimentalise,
My heart is large and, at the moment, warm,
But I am firm enough to trust my eyes.
In spite of all your blandishments and sighs,
Though I admit that you're the one who knows,
I realise—I mean surrealise—
I hanker for a lampost in repose.

ENVOI.

Prince, when mine host with minatory cries
Proclaims this hostelry at last must close
Where we have supped and been perhaps unwise
I hanker for a lampost in repose.

JOHN DOWLING

MUSIC

ACADEMIES AND PROFESSORS

Last month I happened to state that "an adequate supply of executants" was the most important factor to be considered in the establishment of an orchestra. As it is the *raison d'être* of certain institutions to equip such executants, one's thought naturally concerns itself with such institutions and their personnel. But, to prevent any misunderstanding, my words should not be taken as being concerned with any particular academy or any particular professor. Quite often the professor himself merits our sympathy as being the greatest sufferer from the shortcomings of our academies—the educational system he serves being often subversive of his own cultural and artistic efforts.

That mythical creature the "man-in-the-street" lays many charges against our academies, but among the thinking and the unthinking the charges are mainly two—first, that the academies are anti-Irish, or perhaps I should say "West-British," and second, that "they have never turned out anybody"—meaning of course that the students they equip are never of any musical importance.

There are two main-springs to this charge of "West-Britonism"—the indifference of both the system and its personnel to our "traditional" music, and a certain divorcement of both from the main social structure of the people's life. And this latter divorcement is perhaps a most notable feature of musical academic life in Ireland, this tendency of the academy to live within itself, resulting in a complete lack of driving force to extend musical culture to those outside the magic circle. One sometimes thinks, too, that a want of appreciation of the value of their own art, on the part of professors, contributes its quota to this lack of driving force. Of course exceptions do arise; one thinks of the late Commendatore Esposito. But with rare exceptions the work of our academies is a secret thing, and no approach is made to the people. It seems to be deemed the alpha and omega of academic existence, to turn out, every year, batches of amateur instrumentalists, without thought of using them to further any scheme promoting the musical culture of the people, without making any attempt to create a demand for their services.

In turning out these amateurs, some service is done musical culture; but, there's the rub. Our academies should give us artists—they give us amateurs—people with musical culture instead. The difference, perhaps one should say the antipathy, existing between art and culture is a thing not understood, apparently, by the professorial mind in music—at any rate in Ireland. To the true artist, life appears as something displayed against the solid background of his art, life exists for the purposes of his art; to the amateur, or the possessor of culture, art is something displayed against the background of life—art exists for the purposes of his life. I am not appraising the ultimate value of either point of view, I am just stating the difference between them. And this is where our academies fail most noticeably from the point of view of art, that they are institutions for the propagation of amateurs, for the dissemination of a weak musical culture to an extremely limited circle.

One would like to make a plea that the academies should build at least a niche for themselves in our social structure ; should by all means in their power assist in the dissemination of musical culture among the people, making musical appreciation a necessary part of normal education, in school and out, thus creating a demand for the services of their pupils, and making music an "economic proposition" for its executants.

To be quite fair to both organizations and professors, some reference should be made to historical and economic causes which have contributed to this divorcement I speak of. Owing to necessarily high fees, the main support for these institutions, in the past, has been the "ascendancy class," which always rated music as an "accomplishment" merely ; a class that had no desire to see their children anything but talented amateurs, a class that by its continual protestations of its unimpeachable respectability always insisted that professional executants, artists and so on, were "strolling-players" more or less—"rogues and vagabonds" as the old law has it. To these people, a certain technical proficiency was of social value, like possessing a smattering of bad French. The appearance in public of their children for any other purpose than social notoriety or personal glorification was anathema. The public, the mob, were outside the pale, through a merciful dispensation of Providence, and it was but right and just that they should be kept there. Anyhow, as commoners, they were of somewhat base metal, having their own so-called music which they could hear outside public-houses. Definitely such people and their music were not respectable. One sometimes feels that this outlook has not entirely disappeared from our musical groves, that in these shady haunts music and its devotees are still guaranteed respectable.

"Indifference to traditional music." This is a more difficult charge to write about—first, because it has so many facets and secondly, because the excesses of propagandists may render suspect any claims now made regarding the worth of this music. (I might say here that I use the words "traditional music" to cover all the music in the Irish idiom that has been collected—irrespective of whether the music is anonymous folk music or the composition of individuals.)

In dealing with the charge of "indifference," perhaps the first thing that should be done is to answer the question : "What do you expect our academies to be or to do?" I think it but a reasonable answer to say that one expects our academies to mirror sub-consciously in their work the national mind. This is not to say that the great European tradition should be excluded—that would be folly—but that approach to it would be governed by a set of values specifically Irish. The thought and work of our academies should sub-consciously reflect the mental activity and its modes of the race. Judged by such expectation our academies have failed us lamentably. Instead of having their being an integral part of national cultural and art structure, they appear to excrescences—perhaps the better word would be parasites ; they are in most senses foreign bodies grafted superficially upon race structure.

The same causes operate in this matter of "indifference" as in the matter

of "amateurism"; but to these causes must be added another, which, without intending any offence, may be called the professorial mind. This mind is interested in complexity; but it is not in the complexity of unity that such interest lies. This mind is concerned with the complexity of diversity—the complexity of complexity, if the expression will be pardoned. I do not mean to minimize the value or necessity of the professorial mind; its function is to analyze and teach the results of analysis, thus forming a technique for the student. But what can the professor do with a perfect lyric like the "Derry Air"; he can look at it, divide it into its component parts and so on, but technical analysis is useless before the complexity of its unity. All the technique of modern Europe will not achieve a thing like this lyric—its roots lie far underneath the superficiality of objective thought—of technique. The writing of such things cannot be taught; principles may be explained, but, after that—well, "The wind bloweth where it listeth." But the point I wish to stress in the matter of our best "traditional" lyrics is, that there is in them a lack of professorial complexity. The writing or playing of them cannot be taught directly—though much may be achieved perhaps by suggestion in their playing; ultimately their perception does not lie within the province of the objective mind. And so, from the professor's point of view, the teaching point of view, these lyrics are of little value. They cannot be explained, the "music is itself the meaning."

What I have stated above is, I think, often the cause of the indifference of our academies to traditional music, rather than snobbish hostility—although that too does exist. Many professors seem to imagine that the playing of traditional music—I mean of course adequate performance—does not call for the possession of technique. Such an idea is wrong and is the result of living within the academic circle. The traditional player of merit has a certain technique of his own, adequate for his purposes, and quite often brought into being by his own sub-conscious needs—his desire for sinuosity of line, for a flowing rhythmic structure free from hiatus, etc. The professor, emerging from his retirement, would be astonished, I think, if he were to compare the performance of a folk-tune by a traditional player of merit with that of his own pupils—in the great majority of cases he will find his pupils' performance "spiky." This certainly has been my own experience. I am not saying that the traditional performer is a flawless artist; but I do say that he needs a technique.

(To be continued.)

EAMONN O'GALLCHOBHAIR

CELEBRITY CONCERT : THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN

Hubermann—Slobodskaya.

The performance of Chamber music in a theatre of the size of the Theatre Royal poses the executant with many problems and perhaps Hubermann did the best possible thing when he chose the somewhat overplayed Beethoven

Sonata in F. There are few purely technical problems for the violinist in this work—the only difficulty—those passages in “Hook” bowing on the back strings, being surmounted, in this case, with ease. I am old-fashioned enough however to desire my Beethoven, as the latter himself has marked it; and the best movement of this sonata, the first, was badly marred by the second subject’s being taken, whenever it occurred at a speed much greater than that of the first subject. Admitted that the subject is not of great intrinsic worth—still, the problems of tempo resulting from speed variation only achieved disintegration. Both violinist and pianist (Jakob Gimpel) collaborated for our pleasure in the other movements.

Mme. Slobodskaya contributed some Russian songs of interest, including an aria from the much-discussed “Macbeth” of Schostakovitch.

EAMONN O’GALLCHOBHAIR

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY’S RECITALS

WILLIAM PRIMROSE. *Viola*.

I cannot say that I received much pleasure from this recital. The opening number was the Nardini concerto in F. Throughout, the soloist’s tone was rough and coarse—the result of the playing giving the impression of scant consideration being afforded the work. In the first movement I heard the A string whistling three times! The Bax Sonata in G. received more consideration, although at times the piano blotted out the viola line. A Romance by Benjamin Dale was also played.

I regret that being out of town I was unable to hear the Moiseiwitch recital.

EAMONN O’GALLCHOBHAIR

CULWICK CHORAL SOCIETY AND NANCIE LORD

As a rule, the critic, dealing with performances of choirs in Dublin, has continually to keep before his mind the possibility of strange acoustical freaks in the halls used for concert performances; such freaks making difficult the assessment of values. It was pleasant to hear the Culwick Choral Society in a true concert hall where acoustical distortion may be discounted. The balance and tone of the choir were uniformly good—although a certain “churchiness” crept into the tone a few times. The choir’s best number was Cui’s “Radiant Stars”; their weakest, Morley’s “O Grief!” which was curiously ineffective. Miss Lord and Miss Stokes gave us Turina’s suite for Violin and Piano, “A Girl of San Lucar.” To describe the work in a few words one would say that it was “Wagner, plus Rachmaninoff, plus a Latin curve here and there”—for my part, a somewhat unsatisfactory, uneven composition. It is of extreme difficulty for both performers and under pressure the soloist’s brilliant tone degenerated into hardness. Her most satisfactory performance was a short Andante-Zingaresca by Dohnanyi in her second group.

J. J. DELAMERE

THEATRE

AN ABBEY WITH TWO GATES AND A PEACOCK

Owing to private business, I was unable to see Teresa Deevy's *Katie Roche* nor Cormac O'Daly's *The Silver Jubilee* with Sean O'Casey's rather slight farce, *The End of the Beginning*, though, having seen the first two when first produced, I imagine these interesting plays would be at least competently handled. For the same reason, I have seen only one Gaelic production by the Comhar, *Scapín na gCleas*, a Moliere translation.

I am glad to be able to say that Paul V. Carroll's *Shadow and Substance* removes the reproach of middle-class hesitancy as applied to religion usually to be made about Abbey dramatists, and to the extent that the Directors "chanced" it, reflects credit on them and is an answer to the attacks made on them in these columns. I only hope the initiative is maintained—the fact that the play was held back for many months until of topical rather than prophetic interest is not a good sign. To have essential Catholicism stated so efficiently, so daringly and yet so sensitively is delightful. Being (need I say it?) of a just and reasonable disposition, I was glad to see every character well defined and tolerantly handled, and especially that the canon's faults of despotism and deliberate blindness were not masked—simply because I agreed so heartily with all that he had to say on "Northern barbarity" as met by him in relatives, parishioners and curates. Never, surely, has the bitter truth as to the arid and stony wastes which too many of our clergy and laity have made of their lives been stated so frankly and yet so humorously, with such ability to "see in the round." That the old canon was a crank and a cunning crank was true, but he could never be said to be a *mean* crank, because meanness was what he hated most—in manners, reading of "bad books," pictures of the Sacred Heart or "Dublin holy hooliganism."

Each of the minor parts was well drawn, and their servility to the canon and wormlike turning were equally well portrayed in delightful sketches from P. J. Carolan and Maureen Delany, portraits in oil and acid respectively from W. H. Gorman and Ria Mooney (the former's "Judiciously, mind you!" and the latter's quailing before the canon when she reveals she has read the "bad book" being typically delightful), and three rather uninspired but workmanlike renderings from Cyril Cusack as the headmaster (a sympathetic performance, but not strong enough) and from Fred Johnston and Austin Meldon as the curates, whose "bouncing of babies" and football club are equally detested by the canon (I rather think the curacies should have been exchanged, somehow). Aideen O'Connor's rendering of the canon's niece, the only person not afraid of him, was outstanding not merely for her priceless giggle, but for use of body to suggest a gawky "flapper" whose mind, clothes, coiffure and voice were all of a piece with her passion for bullseyes—her best performance for a long time. Apart from these the main burden of the play rested on Arthur Shields as the Canon, and on Phyllis Ryan as Brigid, his housemaid and only

friend. It can be said of both that they were not equal to the demands of the play. Shields had a fine part and did his best with it, but more softness in talking with Brigid, more *age* in gesture when alone and especially a *personal* feeling of forceful depth were required. But he shone where "ticking-off" was concerned, and since half the character and seven-eighths of the play were revealed in this, he was so far successful at least, revealing, incidentally, a clever use of that prestige which the successful *character* always lends the *actor* to get away with some of his lines, notably the Sacred Heart sequence, which was courageously handled.

Brigid is a very complex part, combining simplicity with instinctive wisdom, and calling most of all for *sincerity* and sensitive restraint, with a sense of withdrawal in spirit while always associated with the other players in the flesh. There is a real religious feeling throughout this play, a spiritual tenderness which it rested with the Canon and Brigid to bring out. Neither did so consistently, and as a result the play was "patchy" in interpretation; personal emotion clashed with the sequence of ideas several times. Phyllis Ryan's version was certainly not the playwright's, yet it was a creation—rather mundane perhaps, and lacking in the necessary faith, but handled with a certainty and poise which showed great possibilities when matured. What chiefly showed her inexperience were a lack of tonal range in speaking; a lack of sensitive modulation in rendering feeling, with no use of pauses (her "Yis, Canon" became tiresome for this reason); and an equal skimpiness of gesture. In such a play as this, notable for richness of texture, due to variety of detail automatically supplied by the author's stage-sense to keep the audience-imagination stimulated, this lack of subtle elaboration in acting is perhaps most evident. Yet it was a fine show, the most satisfying I have seen for months. Incidentally Miss Moiseiwitsch's setting was too fussy and clumsy in detail, I thought to please the classic taste of the old Canon, this applying most to the window-pillars, fireplace and the three miniatures at the door, nor had the set much architectural probability. Still, one must welcome her efforts to vary the everlasting Abbey interiors with such limited resources of stage-room and lighting (which was here quite good) as she has.

The two Longford productions, Lady Longford's adaptation of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* and John Webster's Elizabethan drama, *The Duchess of Malfi*, require less comment, being both of less worth both in content and in presentation. *Pride and Prejudice* was good entertainment, fairly well handled, excellently so by Norman Scace as Mr. Bennett and Jean Anderson as Miss Bingley, hers being a very difficult part with awkward silences to bridge. James Mason was fairly good, no more, as the bearish Mr. Darcy, while Pamela Ostrer merely lent her name to the show, having so far as I could see nothing else to lend. Production, settings and costumes were all quite good, and often charming, though the sky assumed colours at times that were more a distraction than a help to the play. *The Duchess of Malfi*, done without cuts in an ingenious setting by the producer, Peter Powell, was more meaty and highly

amusing at times. It was done with Elizabethan gusto and blood lust and as a result the weaker players were not at all at home. It was very interesting, however, to note the weaknesses of the play, the strained conceits, the bombastic orations, the inhuman characterisations, and to realize that this pleased the public Shakespeare catered for. The production aimed at an accurate account of this, but only two actors revealed a feeling for the style required (the rest squaring up to it as a job of work), Norman Scaee as the insane Duke of Calabria, at which he went baldheaded with remarkable results, and Blake Gifford as Daniel de Bosola, who spoke with conscious beauty and carried himself well, much of his "acting" consisting of a chronic tendency to stare vacantly into space, which brought home the value of "eyes as windows of the soul." Jean Anderson surprisingly failed to handle her part as the Duchess with either dignity or certainty, and the few good lines in the play were lost as a result. Yet it was not a bad production—it was just lifeless, scene strung to scene, and its coarseness became merely tiresome in the end, so weak were those concerned. It was a pity, for it was a courageous effort, much obvious care being taken with production, costumes and settings. I am afraid most of this company will have to improve considerably in teamwork especially and in voice and carriage individually, not forgetting that feeling is essential for any actor, before really good work can be expected. Their next productions are Rodney Ackland's modern comedy *After October* and Lord Dunsany's new play *Lord Adrian*, which sound interesting and I imagine should suit them better. Incidentally I should be glad to know if local patriots agree with my view that Lord Longford's response to my request for a bird's eye view of our country's taste is in admirable perspective.

The Comhar Dramuiochta production of *Scapin na gCleas* was typical—no great care had been taken with staging, costumes were good, being relics of MacLiammoir's régime, while the acting was certainly *alive*, with a real spontaneity I miss in our other professional theatres. Possibly the smallness of the Peacock helps in this. But all the players require *care* in details, in attempting to achieve mood and style and while the *teamspirit* seems excellent, often there is inability to express it in *teamwork*. This undeveloped ability and lack of detached standards the Comhar should remedy as soon as possible, as until then its players, its productions and its prestige will be equally inadequate. This remark covers all its players, but obvious though variously unrounded abilities require special mention of Niamh Nic Gheairilt, Sean O Chonchubhair, Diarmaid O hAlmhain, Sean O Siothchain and Tomas O Fionnachta, while Sean Mac Giolla Claoín was outstanding in his few minutes in Piaras Beaslai's *Fear an Sgeilín Grinn*, a neat little play calling for "snap" and finish it did not get.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

A DRAMATIC TOUR OF IRELAND

THE first tour of Ireland by an Irish Company with a modern repertory and modern staging began early in October, 1936, when Longford Productions left Dublin for Sligo to start its ten weeks' wandering. The Company had already appeared in Dublin and in London, but here was an entirely new adventure, and no one could guess at the reception in store for us from an Irish provincial audience.

Our repertory consisted of four plays: "Twelfth Night," "Three Cornered Moon," "The Moon in the Yellow River" and "Yahoo." And having accompanied the Company to each of the towns in which these plays were presented, I found it most instructive to compare the reactions of the various audiences, and I think that some record of these should be available for those interested in the prospects of the Drama in Ireland.

We had already heard that Sligo was drama-mad. That inadequately describes the universal enthusiasm of the people for our efforts. We had only a not too suitable Town Hall to play in, but from the Mayor downwards everyone hastened to do us honour, and though the town was small, houses were good throughout the week. The surrounding district was no less friendly: people came from Boyle and Bundoran, Ballyshannon and Ballina, even from Donegal to see our plays. And here as elsewhere the amateur societies gave us valuable support. Galway was our next date, and a different proposition altogether. Galway, it appears, does not like comedy. It is hard to make people laugh there, and a good deal of our programme was frankly comic. However, "Yahoo" was appreciated, and "The Moon in the Yellow River" got fairly good houses. But on the whole the attendance was not more than fair.

We then played for a week in Tralee, a town too small and remote to afford large audiences for more than a day or two. However, they have a very passable theatre there, and the audience is quick and intelligent. And all of us were delighted with the opportunity of seeing the beauties of Kerry. Though in a way the Tralee week was something in the nature of a holiday, it was an experience that none of us would willingly have missed.

Thence we returned on our traces to Limerick, which is Cinema-mad and dramatically dead, though at one time it had flourishing amateur societies. We were obliged to play in an inaccessible hall, usually devoted to roller-skating, and none but a small band of enthusiasts ever appeared till the last night, when there was a good house for "The Moon in the Yellow River," which was almost everywhere our most successful show. Limerick is a large and civilized city, but why does it not build a theatre?

Thence to Clonmel, which was rather like Galway in its response—again a kind but rather melancholy audience. And then Waterford, which was Sligo over again, only on a much bigger scale. There is an excellent theatre in Waterford, and great keenness everywhere, particularly among the numerous

schools. Our special Shakespeare matinee was crowded out, and drama-mad teachers were always to be found in the wings during performances as well as enthusiastic amateurs.

The next week we had arranged to play Wexford, but the theatre was sold over our heads, and at the last minute we had to arrange to divide the week between Kilkenny (a very fair theatrical town with a two-centuries' dramatic tradition) and Thurles, the smallest town we visited, and the coldest place in Ireland. The theatre had only been half built and tramps slept in the dressing-rooms. Audiences were attentive if stolid.

Then Cork, the greatest success of the tour, with large, enthusiastic and intelligent audiences, and a grand reception from everyone. The Lord Mayor in his chain spoke at our opening performance, and hospitality was showered upon us all. Undoubtedly the south-west is the place for intelligent appreciation of a play.

Belfast was a strange contrast to Cork. They packed out "The Moon in the Yellow River" which was already well known there, thanks to the Belfast Little Theatre, and ignored the other plays. Belfast only likes what it knows, it would seem, and regards everything new from Dublin with suspicion. We should probably do better there on a second visit.

Finally there was Dundalk, where we played to miserable houses throughout the week. I don't know why, though a number of plausible explanations were produced. However, the few that came in liked us, and one failure did not discourage us, for there is no doubt that the tour as a whole was a success, and was enormously appreciated by the drama-starved people of the provinces. I hope that other companies from our repertory theatres will find it possible to visit the Irish towns, and that eventually regular companies will be established in the principal centres. In any case I hope to tour the provinces again in the future. In the old days before the talkies debauched the public taste, a good theatrical company was sure of packed houses anywhere in Ireland. Those days have gone, perhaps for ever, but I feel there is still a real demand for the Theatre in Ireland, and that it is a national duty to see that the demand is fulfilled.

LONGFORD

FILMS

THE ART OF FRITZ LANG

Hollywood has proved the graveyard of European film artists. In its commercial development of the cinema it has overlooked the human factor which is generally crushed out in the alien atmosphere of financial control and uninspired technical efficiency. The difference of background between the Old World and the New and the adjustment necessary to appreciate this difference and understand it constitutes a problem quite great enough without the added unsympathetic working atmosphere of the commercial studio. Accordingly when money or circumstances tempt the European film artist to Hollywood the usual result is a complete collapse of the aesthetic morale and the appearance of a bungling, disordered or pretentious work. At the best a drab level of commercial-aesthetic efficiency is achieved. Stiller, Sjostrom, Murnau, Dupont and Pabst did not develop in Hollywood as directors. The same may be said of actors and cameramen. A universal levelling is the common occurrence.

It is therefore an unexpected and auspicious event when a great European director not only succeeds in making an artistic film in Hollywood but actually shows interesting development along new lines—not a closing in but an expansion. Such has been the achievement of Fritz Lang in his first American film, "Fury."

Lang, is, perhaps one of the most popular directors of those who added lustre to the great period of German cinema. His films varied in subject from fantasy through historical spectacle to spectacular thrillers of the Wallace and Wells type. In appeal these pictures could compete with the most commercial drivel of De Mille and yet no one interested in the art of the film will withhold the meed of praise due to Lang as a master of his medium of expression and the creator of many memorable sequences of living cinema.

His career has been a varied one. He was born in Vienna in 1890. His father, an architect, intended him for the same profession, but intent on studying art, his travels took him to Brussels, Munich and Paris, where he worked for German and Austrian papers and did many landscape paintings. On the outbreak of war he left France and joined the Army in Vienna. While recovering from wounds he wrote scenarios which led to his becoming a director of the Decla Studios where he met Thea Von Harbou, the novelist, who was to become his wife and close collaborator on his scenarios.

His first important work was "Destiny," a fantastic film with Lil Dagover and Bernhard Goetzke which was produced in 1921, and fitted in with the prevailing "Caligari" mood of the German cinema, developing further, however, in the direction of the decorative film which received its apotheosis in the tremendous "Nibelungen Saga." This film was in effect a massed parade of the cream of German film technicians, but paraded for a purpose, and that purpose under the control of Lang.

It was divided into two parts. The first leading up to the death of Siegfried was characterized by a mood of stately lyricism. The great dark forests, the towers of Worms, the creeping mists of Nibelheim; the joyous love of the hero, Siegfried and the beautiful Kriemhild against such a background was a memorable event in film experience. While the settings were spectacular in scale, an underlying simplicity was achieved by a masterly control of all the elements of the production, in marked contrast to the diffuse and disordered productions of less capable directors of spectacle. The second part of the film was a negation of the mood of the first half. Hatred and ugliness made up the dominant motif. The hardness now claiming the soul of the bereaved Kriemhild finds its expression in the barbarity of the settings of Attila's court, and the contrast to the lover of Siegfried is forced on one at every available point of the film. This picture showed Lang's flair for the handling of crowds, for the handling of the principal players as elements in the décors and of his appreciation of the visual potentialities of film.

From saga to thriller is a long travel, but Lang in his "Mabuse" and "The Spy" achieved distinction in this new field. Still preoccupied with spectacle and with perverse criminal psychology (Kriemhild motif) these films were models of their kind. A sociological theme gave opportunity for further spectacle in "Metropolis" which dealt in a superficial way with the problems of co-operation between capital and labour. In Brigitte Helm, who played the dual roles of Maria, the heroine and the robotess, Lang found the ideal portrayer of his Kriemhild personality.

"The Girl in the Moon" dealt with a Wellsian subject and "M" his first talkie introduced Peter Lorre in his great role as the Dusseldorf murderer. Movement and intrigue went through this film, but a deeper psychological probing was also apparent. In his "Testament of Dr. Mabuse" Lang made his last German film after which he went to France in the ranks of the refugees from the Hitler régime which has cleared the German studios of its greatest artists. In Paris he produced "Liliom," of which little is known as it appears not to have been shown in any outside country. This film is supposed to have landed him a Hollywood contract. And so to Hollywood, where he has achieved at last a human quality never before apparent in his pictures. "Fury" is a distinguished film in any case, but is especially interesting for Lang's treatment of Sylvia Sidney, so different to his creation of masks for Lil Dagover, Margareta Schön, Brigitte Helm and Gerda Maurus. In "Fury" Lang has taken a great subject—an American subject—seen it as a human subject and developed it on—for Lang—comparatively human lines. It shows that he has lost nothing and gained much. The American cinema needs a man like Lang. It would be perhaps the justification of Hollywood if Lang was able to continue to develop there what he has already achieved in "Fury." His next film "We only live once," again with Sylvia Sidney, but with Henry Fonda as hero, has just been seen on Broadway. It will be looked forward to with interest.

LIAM O'LAOGHAIRE

FURY: Scenario and direction by Fritz Lang. Selected as film of the month by Irish Film Society.

It is a rare thing in the Irish cinema nowadays to experience that curious sense of elation created by the smooth flow of a film ordered and logical and at the same time in touch with the basic humanities. Yet that was the feeling educed by "Fury" for the greater portion of its length. It was clear that something unusual had happened in Hollywood. Sylvia Sidney and Spencer Tracey were real people. What they did mattered. So did what they said and what they didn't say. And behind the lives of the two lovers was the slightest suggestion of an approaching irrational horror latent in the living and life about them. Indefinite, yet perceptible, and dramatically manifest where the man with the gun glares into Tracey's face. From that moment to the lynching is but the travelling speed of a whisper.

Up to the burning of the jail the film was excellent, but then the trial sequence and rather weak ending developed on conventional if well handled lines. The acting all round was good, and the camera work and lighting were well under control. Incident after incident could be cited to show the cinematic feeling of Lang, but it was in the general treatment that the main effect of the film lay thus distinguishing its genuine artistry from the cheap technical fireworks so often acclaimed as art.

A tribute should also be paid to the courage with which this lynching-fury subject was presented. Under Lang's direction it gained distinction both as document and as film.

"THE PRISONERS' SONG." Direction by Joe May. An Eric Pommer Production. Shown to Irish Film Society.

One of the last of the German silents, based on Leonhardt Frank's "Karl und Anna." It was a pleasant experience to see once again something made up of the unadulterated stuff of cinema. The opening sequences in Siberia were weakened by stagey exteriors but when the locale changed to Hamburg the picture was well away. The dramatic triangle situation was finely handled by Gustav Frolich, Lars Hansen and Dita Parlo. Camera work by Gunthur Rittau was excellent. The picture shared the Society's programme with reels of Lang's "Spy" and an Italian curiosity, "Vally."

"THINGS TO COME." Direction: Cameron Menzies.

A pretentious failure. Quite apart from its impossible subject matter it succeeded in becoming a melange of mediocrity. Even so if it points the moral of what money cannot do, it will have provided an object lesson in film making. Essentially an example of money and brain thrown down the drain. And the acting! Crowds of the future behaving like the extras in an Italian "Quo Vadis." Even Hardwicke adopts the best traditional Shakespearean poses with his ultra modern clothes.

"MARRIED TO A MILLION." *Victor Fleming.*

. . . or Hollywood Marathon. As one plot fades away on comes the next, until all but a few of the surefire Hollywood elements are exhausted. The director and scenario writer are to be congratulated on their powers of compression. Harlow was even subservient to the plots. Or was she?

THE EARLY BIRD : *Donovan Pedelty.*

This latest Richard Hayward vehicle represents a great technical improvement on his previous films. Quite pleasant photography is however poor compensation for a slight aimless theme presented with no sense whatever of dramatic construction. Technical competence is no substitute for lack of feeling and the sentimental approach with the belief that corresponding feelings will be aroused in the audience takes no account that Irish audiences may not have the same patience with Victorian self-complacency as is too readily assumed. A feeling for lovely things is a valid thing, poles apart from a picture postcard Irish sentimentality.

There is a definite improvement in the players, but their stuff is provincial, and if they are being played for local appeal as Ulster players, then give me Hollywood Snapshots. They do it better.

DODSWORTH : *William Wyler.*

A film of missed opportunities with some compensating features. A fine character study from Walter Huston ably supported by good performances from Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor and Marion Ouspenskaya, seems to be the film's excuse for existence. An attempt to capture the unvarnished heart of America in Paris succeeded atmospherically in parts, but the slow, aimless movement of the film as a whole showed the weakness of scenario and direction as applied to a fine theme.

WINGS OF THE MORNING is in colour.

LIAM O'LAOGHAIRE

CORRESPONDENCE

NEO-DRUIDIC DESPOTISM

SEVERAL people have pressed me to "write something" about Mr. Dowling's attack on the Abbey Theatre. Why? Perhaps because they remember.

When the existence of the Abbey was threatened by a patriot riot to suppress "The Playboy of the Western World," the directors offered the theatre for a free debate between stage and audience to settle the dispute by majority, but failing to find a chairman of suitable importance, they invited me, the most unpopular man in Ireland, then as now. For their good, I refused.

They repeated their invitation, and I consented. It was a lively night. Lady Gregory smiled. Yeats frowned. Synge trembled. The patriots flung threats at me, in Irish. I replied—in Irish! "Be — this man can spake Irish himsel!" Smiles began to spread over the collective countenance, so fierce a few seconds before. The debate proceeded in conditional peace. The directors got their majority, the riot receded, and it is possible that my own "back chat" in the native tongue saved my life. After that, who dares say that the Irish language is useless?

The Abbey attracted me, as a free expression of free men—in a community demanding freedom to enslave each other. They have got this now, by a "British Concession."

I think the patriots shortened the life of Synge, gentlest of men, an artist by nature and as free from malice as a child. No abuse was too savage for him, and their name for Yeats was "Spook." Now they accept Yeats as "the first of living poets," and Synge as the greatest of Ireland's dead dramatists; and they accept the "national honour" of these great names after having done their best to bury them for ever under the obsession of their neo-Druidic despotism. Further, and worse, they accept them on the verdict of London, the "inimy," so that we have "Anglicisation" saving the honour of the sainted island from the armed champions of her sovereign nationality.

I have never estimated "The Playboy" as worthy of its author at his best, but the Abbey Theatre justifies its existence if by nothing but the discovery of Synge and the production of "Riders to the Sea," all in one Act, but the most moving appeal of intensive tragedy that I have ever seen in an equal space of time and words in any language. It knows no frontiers of place and time. It might have been played at Athens in the year 300 B.C. It may well move Dublin in the year 4000 A.D. Its appropriate audience is the human race. Your Parliament, your Government, your Seat at the League of Nations and your rebellions, all together, have done much less than this one-act play to place Ireland "in the front rank of the nations of the earth."

I have seen little of Dublin in recent years. Is it true, as Mr. Dowling says, that the Abbey has become "vile and unprofitable"? If so, the standard he sets for it is enough to account for the fall. By his own inference he is in the neo-Druidic tradition. His measure of dramatic value is purely political, as if the dramatic art had neither laws nor principles of its own. It means that he has no measure at all. He admits that he has been trying "to undermine the credit of the Abbey Theatre." Why not undermine its discredit instead? All this, especially the attempt to impose political standards on the drama, puts Mr. Dowling outside the range of dramatic judgment, and I have no words to waste on that.

In evolving the stage personalities of Shylock and Hamlet, Shakespeare did not submit his dramatic vision to be smothered in the local politics of the Venetian Republic or the Court intrigues of Copenhagen. England has

laughed at Falstaffe, the stage Englishman, for more than three centuries without damage to her national sovereignty. The nation that cannot laugh at her own comedy becomes the laughing-stock of those that can. "Criticism of life" is the vital tonic of social health, and the nation that cannot tolerate it is doomed.

Unfortunately for Ireland this violation of standard in social values is not confined to the theatre. We organise the energies of national destruction, and call it patriotism. We derange the organic balance of social health and call it "progress." We sacrifice personal freedom, the foundation of all freedom, to futile speculation, and call it valour. What Mr. Belloc so well calls "corporate initiative," the "raison d'être" of nationhood, seems to be as far from us to-day as when the chieftains warred on each other, preparing the way for the invader to bag them all. "Corporate initiative" is the capacity to act as a body, in response to a common centre of gravity, and when this can be accomplished by the free will of personal liberty, released from the coercion of armed minorities, then, nothing in the world can withstand the nation's march forward.

The principal hindrance to all this is the typical patriot, who can never see more than one of the many complex factors in the organic balance. Having failed at his own task, in arms, he would now prevent the success of anybody at any task, even in the theatre.

"PAT"

(author of *Economics for Irishmen*)

THE HOUSE OF LYNCH

DEAR SIR,

Your critique in the current number of IRELAND TO-DAY calls, I think, for some observations from the author as regards the manner of your treatment of "The House of Lynch."

At the outset may I, on behalf of that poor group of "Aunt Sallies"—the playwrights—suitable targets for every critic, enter a plea for broader and more understanding study of their works, remembering that even the trashiest of plays occupied some months of work and deserved something better than cavalier dismissal in a critique scratched off in half an hour.

Indeed I fail to follow your contribution, e.g., "The play has . . . no implications . . . though nearly attained at times." This leaves me dazed! "I went principally to see local colour, period, detail and atmosphere." Might I respectfully suggest that the critic would more suitably seek these qualities in the National Gallery or the Museum—I was writing a play, not a treatise or archeological study, and I am old-fashioned enough to seek to comply with the essential purpose of DRAMA, which means primitively and fundamentally *action*—not atmosphere nor local colour. The latter are subordinate features.

Following this line of criticism comes a positive misstatement I must object to, albeit I have no doubt it was made quite unintentionally. It is this: "At no time was it suggested that Galway was a wealthy, fortified seaport, alert always for attacks from the Irish and holding in its port vessels from Spain, Italy and the Levant." The MS. is before me.

In the Prologue Dolphin relates of his former Wardenship: "The morning I put my cap of Maintenance on and sat me in the Chair of State, my *crest in burnished brass* blazoned each corner of the market square, and spouted wine." and then he explains his then present indigence as being due to "that storm that crushed my galleons on the cliffs of Clare." Is there not very palpable inference of Galway's wealth here? Further in the Prologue one of the Warden's

servants tells Dolphin "There will be wine and venison at his Lordship's feast . . . An ox to be roasted whole and stuffed with fowls !" Does this savour of municipal insignificance? Further on in the First Act when the arrival of the Spanish Knights is announced to the Warden, the latter observes to the Friar: "The Western winds have been so constant on our coasts this week past that doubtless *the whole fleet* will soon arrive." The Friar rejoins "They are *late this year*, soveraigne, by near a month." To which the Warden replies: "Yes, 'twas a stormy spring . . ." Does this not imply a large and wealthy trading by the town?

Again, as to Galway being a fortress subject to attacks by the Gaelteacht, O'Maille exclaims on being disarmed: "If this were but three short miles away the Warden's name would never stay us." Again when the Warden sternly arraigns him he tells him of "Our commerce harried, our citizens assailed. You levy blackmail on us when you can. You play the pirate when occasion offers." O'Maille retorts: "By force and fraud our power was whittled down—lands torn from us—liberties denied—your fathers made famine, etc., etc., and what your townsmen's steel could not achieve—hunger half compassed." Do you not on reconsideration agree that this gives a sufficiently clear and graphic bird's eye view of local conditions?

Further on Agnes speaks of the Gold Abbey Tenants being raided by O'Maille's clansmen and of their consequent removal to Galway. Yet you say: "At no time was it suggested that Galway was a wealthy fortified seaport !!!"

To part on a pleasanter note, some of your notes *re* mounting and production are helpful—for which I thank you—and they will be kept in mind.

One rather amused me by its *coincidence*, that was your condemnation of that *infernal* curtain in Prologue. I quite agree and so told the Producer (who I may say, like the cast, gave me of his best). But the point is, at the outset I had a back cloth showing two authentic palatial houses set anglewise and in the gap between towered the golden spars and hanging sails of a group of vessels at the quayside, but owing to lack of time we had to fall back on those curtains which are not only deadening to the eye, but muffled the actors' voice.

"F. JAY."

(Truly the critic's lot is hard and his readers' minds harder still ! There was I trying to be helpful and "F. Jay" is only half-pleased after all. Perhaps it is just, for his play and his players were only half as good as they should have been. Most of his letter is wasted effort, because my paragraph as to "detail, local colour, etc.," dealt purely with the production, not the play itself, and was in fact based on the very references he quotes. "Birdseye views" however are useless for the average spectator who needs constant repetition, not only of details of manner and scene, but also in touches conveying mood and feeling resulting in "implications and loom of tragedy," and "F. Jay's" weakness was in meagreness of such detail to turn the crude "action," rendered inevitable by the plot, into high tragedy. I had hoped that all this would be read into the few lines I had space for, but can only regret I did not myself allow for the "average spectator."—S. O'M.)

BOOK SECTION

THE IRISH SHELF

JONATHAN SWIFT

THE MIND AND ART OF JONATHAN SWIFT. By Ricardo Quintana. (*Oxford University Press*, 1936. 16/-). (Printed in New York).

Very few months ago we chanced to be commenting (see the September issue of *IRELAND TO-DAY*) upon the very noteworthy fresh interest in Swift which is bringing forth in quick succession new work, both bad and good, relating to him. Nor should many weeks have yet to elapse (at the moment of writing) before a further much-looked-for work of scholarship appears, in Harold Williams's critical edition of Swift's verse. Meanwhile, here is fresh biographical work of high distinction. Anyone who criticises its author adversely upon the particular ground that he makes use of unscholarly editions of Swift's verse, must be reminded that his work came out before Mr. Harold Williams's was ready.

When the inanities of psycho-analytic pedantry have left us feeling that in the handling of this difficult genius, no misinterpretation can be so extravagant as to be incredible, it is a great relief to commend unreservedly the sanity, and the penetrating judgments, which we find in this book. For Swift still is difficult, it appears, and the world of letters has not quite recovered even now from the malignant cleverness with which the great Thackeray expressed his own incapacity to understand. The need of sanity is great, especially seeing that Swift himself, in all his passion for clear-sightedness, lacked just that.

It was natural that contemporary gossip about the great Dean should take unpleasant forms, in view of the horrid virulence of his own animosities; and if legends of a nasty kind grew up, Swift's own tendency to nastiness of fancy facilitated this, so that not all is to be set down to the unsavouriness of some vulgar minds. I think there is a conclusive answer to such as take seriously the suggestion that Swift was addicted to immoral practices. It is that it involves a charge of hypocrisy, and that particular vice is a thing psychologically impossible in the case of this man, more than in any other!

As regards the distasteful subject of Swift's proclivity to nastiness, Mr. Quintana reflecting upon the solutions advanced is unsatisfied, and says "one can only admit defeat" (p. 154). Yet I have to ask whether my own solution, which I could not do without, errs in over-simplification? In fewest words it is as follows: (I.) Normality includes all the reticences of decency. Yet hyper-sensibility is unhealthy and tends to insanity. Swift suffered from hyper-sensibility which unhealthily—or insanely—found the physical disgusting. (II.) Reticence means a shunning of aspects of truth. Swift had a passion for truth which meant a resolute rejection of reticences. He will force himself and everyone else to be a "realist." (III.) Merge those two contradictions, and you have inevitably psychic reaction taking the form of insane indecency. I could adduce one or two cases parallel to Swift's, who is unique only in the fact that his proclivity to nastiness is so clearly linked to the realism of "*It is not as you think—look,*" which in the main is a moral realism. If, in a present-day writer we find a proclivity to nastiness connected with cynicism, this is a very different matter!

Certainly our study is in some degree, though only in a limited degree, a pathological study. Our author shows with what unflinching consistency Swift inculcated and advocated everywhere "an outlook of *unimpassioned reason*"; he proves that Swift had "an ordered system of thought" rooted in that one principle: and when I then observe that very seldom can a man of equal stature have allowed *impassioned unreason* so to take control as Swift did, have not I in this antinomy of reason and unreason the proof that our study is in measure a pathological study?

Mr. Quintana's analysis of Swift's religion is of great interest. I should say that Swift's religion was quite inadequate for Swift's great needs; and his lack of Christian optimism (as Quintana points out) made him dwell overmuch upon depravity; but in this work we are given proofs that his religion was at any rate no mere moralism, but an integral part of that "ordered system of thought" of his. Very important; for ethically it would sometimes fail him, as in the venomousness of his attacks upon the dissenters.

Closely connected with this, and of equal interest, is the analysis of the philosophy of *Gulliver's Travels*. Throughout the work, indeed, there is evidence that the author has made wise use of the best thought of recent writers upon Swift, with a fine critical discrimination.

It is not until we come to the chapter dealing with Irish politics that Mr. Quintana's powers of discernment seem to fail him; for he adopts (in part) the views of critics of less comprehension, respecting Swift's part in these affairs. To say that "self-interest was perhaps the leading incentive" in his espousing of the Irish cause, is to mis-read the most character-revealing phase of Swift's fierce activities. By "self-interest" the biographer means not that what Swift was doing with consuming zeal could be supposed to advance his private interests, but that revenge for thwarted ambition was a motive. It was natural that writers of, as I have said, less comprehension, should form such judgment, but it is disappointing in Quintana in view of the many evidences of his fuller understanding. Even Swift's repulsive unabashed pressing of his claims for ecclesiastical preferment, has been not only charitably but also justly interpreted by this writer as being much more than mere self-interest. Into that I do not go now; but the Irish case is easier. Granted the "moral earnestness," which (as Mr. Quintana has shown) is beyond question as a driving force throughout Swift's career, granted the Irish destitution, and the Irish disabilities, granted his own sense of power, and then only one thing more is needed to explain to the full (for any reference here to self-interest is out of place) his determination to rouse the Irish as a nation, in opposition to the government policy. What is that one thing more? The acute pained, sensibility, ill concealed—not concealed at all—by his irony. I am sorry to criticise adversely, at any point, a work so marked by breadth, depth, perspicacity, as is Mr. Quintana's; yet the point is essential to the understanding of Swift's position in Ireland. Our author knows that "the chief elements in Swift's patriotism were bitter realism and a hatred of injustice," but he has failed to understand fully the Irish tangle, and supposes (p. 246) "the injustices against which Swift made war" to be those suffered by the Protestants and upperclass people, whereas in his reflections upon his country tour Swift showed that it was the grievances of the poor (mostly not Protestants) which chiefly affected him, just as in his *Modest Proposal* it was the social injustices of the Dublin slums, that rent his heart; and the remedies (not the ironic one) proposed in that tract were the same as those proposed in his other Irish tracts where he sought to unite all the people into one upon the basis of economic nationalism, as a product of (to cite his words) "learning to love our country."

In the passage (p. 254) where Swift says his heart is "too heavy to continue in this irony" as he thinks of the people's misery, the only serious misprint occurs which I have observed in Mr. Quintana's book; the word "irony" being most unfortunately printed as "journey."

Taking it all in all, this work may be described as the most penetrating general study of the mind of Swift which has ever appeared; a high distinction indeed. Mr. Quintana's "Selective Bibliography" includes more than 100 twentieth century items!

W. F. TRENCH

ÉIRE IN ANNRÓ.

Cinnlae Amlaioib Uí Súileabháin. Part II. Irish Texts Society. Ed. by Rev. Michael McGrath, S.J.

Cúgaimn tuilleadh de Cinnlae Uí Súileabháin. Doimne do léig an céad imleabhar, ní luGARDE a suim, an dreas seo, i gcorp an leabhair féin nó i scoláireacht an tsagairt míis Craic. Ciste díleas na gclár, éigne eolais cláir na b'fionn is ead an tAdair Míceal. Is é, dar ndóig, do tárla fóirpe i b'p'luim.

Da saoiTEAMAIL an mac Amlaioib O Súileabháin. A d'at ní leigead tar a súilid—nó, tar a cluasaib ac' oiread. Do téiréad a néal 'un sídeacta aige agus é a léaba do tabairt air, oirde ar bit de na hoideacannai, gan a ráo linn cad é an bun do bí ar na spéartaí o máirín. Súil píle súil an duine i intinn tréartha an intinn do bí aige. As maol a aigne féin do cídead sé an saogal, agus can do réir tuairime an comarsan béil dorais. Duine a b'ead é ar' annam a mac-a-samailt agaimn agus an noubslán faoi fearaib an domáin é d'aireamh ar a malairt de gléas don uair.

Is cur do sócar Gaedéal leitéro Amlaioib do beir ann an t-am do máir sé. Bí de buairt aige an saogal fórlac do meas mar a castaí chuasós léanaí do ar uaigneas báinsige—seot tairiseac ar b'fiú gabáil do go mín muirneac, de lamai ceannsa. Bí bearla na nGall faoi tóin cártai aige. Dá mbéad cinn-peadna i luic stiúrta Cloinne Gaedéal ar don aigne le hAmlaioib lenatinn, rud nac raib, is léir go mbéad a atrad de hail ar intinn na tíre i laclair na huair seo. Mar sin de, níor misde do pobal creimeac na haois seo a cur ar na suilib dóib féin gurb' é Amlaioib craob eolais na nGaedéal ins an am sin. Béad sé págtaí agaimn gan a aicniú gur mhó tairbe do fearaib Éireann saotar ar nou ne ná díceall a dtainis, a dtis nó a dtiocfaid de luic tatarige bearla a soim i leit. Duine donair a b'ead é; bí a port féin suas aige, a's ba ri-cuma leis gliogramglog de teangair iasacta i mbéal an duine tál.

De taoid eile de is mór le ráo Cinnlae Uí Súileabháin. A fao as a báineas le cursaí an tsaoail do bí tairt air, ní racair ag don uGAR seanduis saotar píuntac do cur i n-éireact feasda gan tarraint ar an tobar faisnéise a d'pás Amlaioib ina déir. Féadair an éaint do rinne sé ar an dream do bí ar caol-curo le na linn :—

"Tá an gorta gorm ortá a cCill Cuinnig, a Cluain Mealla, gc., .i. a mbailtib móra agus catraca; ac' i mbailtib beaga mar Callain agus ar an ttuair, tá an deirc le págail níos plúirsige o sgolosaib. Is ro maí an dream doaine iad na sgolosa, is iad beauiGEAMN boctáin na héireann nac beag. Is beag da mbeauiGAD geibteas ó daoimib móra."

Sin, nó an méir aoir sé faoi comlint capall :—

"TosuiGEAMN eadcomling anou ag Rateloc . . . Tá súil le Dia agam

go mbéir na bánta bog fa cosaib capall coimlinge, cia na aic le luét na coimlinge péin é ; aét is measa liom-sa na potataoi nua dár noit na soil-bireada uaire ar bân-coimlinge.”

Is beag leatánac san leabhar nac bfuil sásam croíde dá luét léigte ann—ar dois éigín.

Séamus O Ceallaigh

REGISTER OF THE HOSPITAL OF S. JOHN THE BAPTIST WITHOUT THE NEW GATE, DUBLIN. Edited by Eric St. John Brooks. (*Stationery Office*, 21s.)

The papers contributed by Dr. Brooks to the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy and the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland showed him to be a careful, painstaking and accurate worker in the field of mediaeval Anglo-Irish history. His already high reputation is in no way lessened by the publication of the volume under review. The Hospital of St. John the Baptist was founded towards the end of the twelfth century by a Norse citizen of Dublin, Ailred by name; it disappeared in 1539 amid the general dissolution of monastic property. The entries in the Register deal for the greater part with the lands belonging to the Hospital. These were mostly situated in Dublin, but quite a considerable portion was to be found in Tipperary, while some smaller parcels were scattered through Meath, Kildare, Wicklow, Uriel, Limerick, Cork and Kerry. To the local historian in those districts, as well as to the student of Irish Church history, the Register should prove a source of interesting and valuable information. Search among the items will be lightened in no inconsiderable manner by the exhaustive index and scholarly introduction provided by Dr. Brooks.

SÉAMUS PENDER

WE RECOMMEND

CHRISTIANITY AND COMMUNISM. Edited by H. Wilson Harris. (*Blackwell*. 1937. 2s. 6d. xiv+77).

This symposium contributed by seven leading minds—Communist, Jesuit and Anglican divine—condenses the most amazing amount of erudition into less than one hundred pages. The challenge of Communism is clearly defined; it shares the old Hebraic legacy largely with Christianity; it seduces and appears to succeed because certain of its concepts make for a solution of the problems of social injustice, but it fails and must fail, because the society which levels economically must do so by virtue of a political force, which will by its very exercise engender fresh injustices. Of course, there is an overriding reason for its condemnation and that is that whilst social justice is a vital *desideratum*, it is a striving in itself and even in its fulfilment which will never wholly satisfy the spiritual in Man.

The cause of the present crisis, and its origins ante-date Marx or Hitler, is the old conflict of good and evil, Christianity and Paganism. Not too much credence should be placed on the interpretation of the world crisis as a struggle for the supremacy of one or other of two ideologies. These conflicting ideologies are rapidly degenerating into a quarrel between thieves—thieves of men's souls—ALL ranged against Christianity. The startling thing is that Communism is the one nearest to, because sharing so many of the precepts of, *Christian* Christianity and for that reason seems the most heretical and tactically therefore the one singled out for earliest demolishing. Nazism is the more flagrant enemy, for, as well as sharing its contempt for the Eternal and its

view of Man as purely a natural phenomenon with Communism, it does not offer even the promise of social justice, of which, in a world of defaulters from justice, the Soviet has been an admitted exemplary.

The Church can come into her own again by abandoning complacency and a seeming predisposition to uphold privilege and wealth against the suffering and the disinherited. When we pray for God's Will to be done on earth, and for all things to be shaped into conformity with His Will, we breathe an *active* faith, a *revolutionary* religion. Humanly, whatever its spiritual anchorage, the world must strive after social justice. If the Church, not only in its prophetic and inspired Encyclicals, but in their implementation in the meanest parish in Connemara, were to lead the van towards social justice *within* the greater objective to which she alone can lead, then she would capture the generous heart of youth, then and then only would she ensure against another Russia, Mexico or Spain.

I have been carried away by the very stimulation of this book. To any thinking man, Catholic or Protestant, Fascist or Communist, who can muster thirty pennies, this book is unhesitatingly and conscientiously recommended.

L. J. ROSS

BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER. Vol. II. (1848-1860). By Ernest Newman. (Cassell. 30s.).

Ernest Newman has recently been accused of possessing a predilection for the Teutonic mind. Despite his justifiable protest that he possesses a predilection for great minds, many of which, in music, happen to be Teutonic, one must allow that his approach to Wagner shows a sympathy with this most Teutonic of subjects which has scarcely been surpassed by any of the German biographers. The second volume of the monumental "Life" confirms the hopes entertained on the appearance of the first some four years ago, and leaves little room for doubt as to the outcome of the final volume. At last we shall have a biography in English which will present for us the complete Wagner case with the genuine understanding and the critical, detached scholarship which we have long awaited. In addition a large amount of material hitherto unavailable has been carefully embodied, so that for some time, at any rate, this will be the most complete and up-to-date Wagner biography in any language.

The first volume brought Wagner to the close of the Dresden period. The beginning of the present volume shows us the royal Kapellmeister dabbling in political theory, and involving himself more and more in dangerous revolutionary activities. His complicity in the rising of 1849 is clearly demonstrated (a complicity minimised by Wagner himself in "Mein Leben" as well as by the bowdlerising German biographers). We see him, a half pathetic, half ludicrous figure, observing the movements of troops and the progress of the conflict from the tower of the Kreuzkirche, sending messages from this post to the revolutionary leaders, and easing his mind the while by a discussion of abstract religious and philosophical problems. But the rising failed, and Wagner was obliged to fly, ultimately settling in Zurich. In defence of his conduct he later wrote that he had too easily let himself be persuaded that a political and social upheaval would bring about a condition of affairs in which his ideal of the relation of art to life could be realised. Newman endorses the sincerity of this plea, and we glean that at the root of all his revolutionary fury lay not alone his frustrated ideas in regard to art and life, but a wider

feeling of commiseration for the sufferings of humanity "in this insane order of things"—as he wrote in one of his inflammatory articles.

The Zurich period saw Wagner involved in two domestic crises, one soon after his flight to the town, the other some years later, when the "Ring" and "Tristan" had already begun to germinate. To the Jessie Laussot and Mathilde Wesendonk affairs Newman brings a most sympathetic outlook, in fact, some of his admirers would wish that he had shown more of a similar magnanimity in his book on Franz Liszt. Whatever the objective judgment of a world indifferent to the individualist claims of a great artist, one must appreciate the facts which Newman makes so clear. Minna had not the smallest conception of her husband's genius. She visualised him as a successful opera composer whose main function was to provide for them both on a matter-of-fact bourgeois basis. She kept urging him to compromise, to lower his lofty ideals and ingratiate himself into public favour. In spite of all her pettiness of outlook, Wagner preserved towards his wife a gentleness and a patience which might seem surprising in a man of his temperament. But for all his consideration, it was inevitable that steeped in the conception of some new work, a Mathilde Wesendonk, keenly sympathetic to his strivings, would become idealised by him, and identified with that work. When it was completed in Newman's words, "the scales gradually fell from his eyes and he came to see her not as an ideal, but as an ordinary reality."

To musicologists the chapters dealing with the growth of the "Ring" and of "Tristan" are of absorbing interest. The gradual evolution of the "Ring" philosophy is described in detail, and Wagner's failure to bring the two motives of the redemption of the gods and the downfall of the gods into a completely satisfying harmony is presented under some new aspects. Towards the end of the Zurich period his approach towards Schopenhauer's philosophy of the "nullity of the visible world" began to take shape in "Tristan"—resignation and renunciation as the key to a serener existence, night and death as the redeemers of man from the turmoil of daylight and life.

One jarring element makes itself felt in the last chapters of the book, namely Newman's inveterate prejudice against Liszt. He is apparently unable to appreciate the immensity of the debt which Wagner owed to his generous friend, nor does he attempt to account for the fact that amid all his concert-giving, Wagner never once performed an orchestral work of Liszt's. But this is the merest detail. For all its wealth of matter, the biography is a clearly-drawn and intensely moving human story. The concluding volume will be awaited with impatience.

ALOYS FLEISCHMANN

PUSHKIN : BIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL

PRELUDE TO PARNASSUS. By James Cleugh. (*Arthur Barker*. 10s. 6d.).

Novels about men of genius are rarely satisfactory. Shelley cuts a poor figure in 'Ariel,' a book far more soberly conceived than this study of Pushkin. Are great poets ever merely theatrical personalities? Presumably not. In 'Prelude to Parnassus' one never loses sight of the make-up, very heavy in the case of Pushkin: tarred with the Abyssinian brush; a dissolute young poet, moreover. Had Pushkin been merely frivolous, he could not have reached the mystical heights of 'The Prophet':

Then with a sword he rent my breast,
Snatched out my quivering heart of pain,
And in my cloven bosom placed
An ever-burning coal of flame.

Impossible to reproduce the majestic resonance of the original. Humour, delicate as Mozart's music, as someone has said, plays over his folk-tales. Now, the Pushkin of this book is plainly the villain of the piece. His jokes are nasty. He insults his mistresses. At the start, we have him as a child: one is reminded of Freddie Bartholomew as Little Lord Fauntleroy. Very charming, no doubt. The pictures are well drawn; the story unfolds itself like a clever, dull film. We long for the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Pushkin, the most universal of poets, must have been extremely human. No such world-weary unbeliever as he pretended to be, either. Infidels hardly write blasphemies; the blasphemer is a perverted believer. Mirzki has a wonderful chapter on Pushkin in his *History of Russian Literature*. Mr. Cleugh develops fact after fact as we find them here, into a story. A smart piece of journalism, I suppose. But Pushkin's works—certainly all that I have read—cry out with one voice against 'Prelude to Parnassus.'

BLANAID SALKELD

CRITICAL SURVEY

POLITE ESSAYS. By Ezra Pound. (*Faber and Faber*. 7/6).

Mr. Pound's essays are only polite by titular courtesy. A nobility that obliges only gulls the newrich, but even the lackey squirms under the smile. There is a cornucopia of politeness but the horns are sharp and Mr. Pound butts with great effect. It would have to be a matador of the first rank who could escape unhurt from his sophisticated attack. I doubt whether a *corrida* course under Ernest Hemmingway or Roy Campbell would avail any unfortunate writer who mixed it Mithraically with an angry Ezra.

Those pre-war young men who were a decade before their time have contrived to maintain their youth amidst the present generation of young greybeards. How *rangé* Eliot sounds beside the impetuous Pound Peter trepanning an ossified society. Spender, Auden and the rest bowed under the avoirdupois of dialectic materialism are as Methusalems set against resilient Benjamins like André Gide and Ford Madox Ford. Paris, where Mr. Pound has drawn most of his cultural sustenance (Rimbaud, Laforgue, Corbière), with terms of reference extending to Dante, Minnesinger, Catullus and Homer, would seem to have a more vitalising influence than Moscow which turns well-meaning and intelligent young men into polysyllabic bores; unless the Muscovite message is filtered through France when we get the welcome phenomena of Gide, Aragon, Arnoux and Malraux.

Mr. Pound's essays are concerned with contemporary poetry, the lacunae in modern education, a comparison between James Joyce and Flaubert and a host of other actual subjects, for he digresses with the unconcern and erudition of a Montaigne. He dismisses *La Trahison des Clercs* as a dull book with a good title, but he only baits Benda because he hasn't sufficiently lambasted the treacherous scribes. Here is a sample of his style in which there is little sign of the velvet glove which my memories of his velvet jacket in Paris might have led me to expect. An American don has refused a fellowship to a distinguished writer, saying: 'The University is not here for the unusual man.'

"The gross idiocy in teaching cultural subjects, in comparison with the intelligence which has brought about the advance in material sciences, can be no more glaringly shown than in this fumble on the part of a highly (by some people) esteemed Head of English in one of our largest Universities. And the chap isn't a bad writer of essays either. He is no worse an idiot than three dozen other elderly gents tucked into comfortable semi-sinecures."

A. J. LEVENTHAL

PAGEANT OF WOMEN

WE WRITE AS WOMEN. By Margaret Lawrence. (*Michael Joseph*. 12s. 6d.)

A detailed study of women writers and their special feminine contribution to world thought, women seeing themselves and men through women's eyes, through the medium of fiction, letters, journals, biography, drama, polemics. The writer is a Canadian, with a dash of Celt and, of course, a feminist. Her book gives a new slant on women and their struggle for a place in the sun. The review starts with Mary Wollstonecraft's trumpet-call to women in the 18th century, bringing us through the 19th to the most recent 20th century books by women with their changing outlook. English, a few Irish, American (Canadian and United States) are represented, the author confining her study to those who write in English. These are over two score in all, a big canvas. The critical study of modern women is particularly interesting, the headings, *Twentieth Century Blues* (led off by Anita Loos, of *Gentleman Prefer Blondes*) *What We Have We Hold* (Rose Macaulay), *Cultivating One's Garden* ("Elizabeth"), *The Hand That Rocks* (Dorothy Canfield), *The Peculiar Treasure* (Pearl Buck), and selections are striking, though one may at times challenge her grouping and conclusions: Procrustean she fits her subjects to her thesis rather than her thesis to them, ignoring the fact that there is a good deal of human nature even in women. Kate O'Brien (if we omit the Brontës) is the one purely Irish example cited: author's comment that, inasmuch as the spiritual idea of the Catholic Church is matriarchal, so in presenting a story (*Anteroom*) deeply imbued with the passion of Catholicism, Kate O'Brien presents the supreme manifestation of matriarchy. Contrasting the works of Irishmen and Irishwomen during the recent Irish renaissance she finds that the former are mostly revolutionary and realistic—still mentally on the run—while Kate O'Brien writes as if nothing had happened in Ireland at all. This criticism is a good example of the author's too sweeping generalization.

In her last on the list, Virginia Woolf, she sees the opening of a new stage in the story of women with women putting their resentment behind them, yet remembering its cause, a "philosophy of 20th-century women aware of the baby and aware of the book."

H. S. S.

DRAMA

THE ASCENT OF F6. W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. (*Faber and Faber*. 6s.).

Here we have a very sane and objective statement of present-day English life, a matter seemingly of bread-and-butter politics and stifling convention, cloaked by sham heroics and flagwaving.

F6 is a mountain on the border between British and Ostnian Sudoland. Both British and Ostnians decide to take advantage of a native legend that whoever first ascends F6 shall rule over the whole country and Michael Ransom, the hero, is chosen, much against his will, to lead the British expedition. There is the usual talk about British prestige, imperial mission, uplift of natives, etc. As the play proceeds we see both the actual expedition and the reactions at home to its progress. This is very neatly achieved by using two stage boxes and the central stage where the main action takes place. One box represents a wireless studio where fact is skilfully distorted into "news" by announcers and speakers. The other is a typical suburban home where Mr. and Mrs. A reside, Strubes "Little Man" discovered with the missus. They listen to the wireless and their reactions are expressed in rhymed verse of amazing flexibility and directness.

As a play, this is consistently good—stage-effect, characterisation, pointing of idea and ease of speaking are all latent in the lines and never fail. This sureness of touch reflects the constant drive of idea which is never tedious because of constant variety of detail coupled with a delightfully tolerant humour which serves to enrich rather than hamper the main action—an Auden characteristic which has mellowed with time. In all this it is a great advance on the same author's *The Dog Beneath the Skin* and Auden's own *The Dance of Death*. As social criticism it is better than these because it is quite detached and objective, there are no pointing fingers, no obvious caricatures. Instead we have restraint, achieved by suggestion and implication rather than over-emphasis on message, effective use being made of Beachcomberish surnames and well-known placenames as nuclei for the imagination to work on through association. This results in a real "richness" of texture and adds to the propaganda effect which is chiefly obtained through subtle juxtaposition of different viewpoints each accurately stated by its protagonist. It is here that the quick cross-cutting possible between boxes and stage is so effective and in fact all the technical tricks of staging, verse form, and choral speaking used are not merely fashionable but justified in use by success, T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, for instance, not being half so successful in handling the chorus. Finally the verse is so alive in rhythm and phrase that no audience could escape it nor feel idea to be clouded by high-falutin diction, a feeling which always removes the challenge of the poet to that of "a voice crying in the wilderness," that wilderness being safely far away. There are unforgettable phrases and whole speeches which simply cry out for quotation, some of them almost Shakespearean in sweep and grandeur. But no amount of quotation can give an adequate idea of this play's quality—it all hangs together too well. It is a play to be stolen if necessary and bought if possible—it will be read and seen (when staged, which it must be) many times over.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

OTHER PLACES

THE PHILANTROPY OF POWER

MANDATES. By Neil Macaulay. (*Methuen*, 6s.). pp. 213.

GREAT BRITAIN AND PALESTINE, 1915-1936. (*The Royal Institute of International Affairs, London*; Information Dept. Papers No. 20). pp. 211.

Mr. Macaulay's work, written in an easy colloquial style, is divided into three sections, entitled, Reasons, Results, Remedies. The author's findings under each heading may be summed up as being that the mandatory form is that under which Great Britain acquired, as it were incidentally, her post-war territories; that the territories so acquired differ in no essential respect from colonies otherwise obtained; and that German claims to the return of lost territories are impertinent, ill-founded and to be resisted by every means. The book (apparently completed by July, 1936) does, indeed, contain much up-to-date general information, in particular the chapters on Tanganyika (28 pages), S. W. Africa (22 pages), and the shorter accounts of the other mandated territories. In that connection the omission of any account of Nauru, in many ways the most interesting mandate from the theoretical point of view, is surprising. However, the author is not at all concerned with theory but with what he conceives to be practical politics. Almost nothing is said on any of the larger aspects of the mandate idea, such as the body in whom the right of possible re-distribution rests, and the legal position created in

regard to the mandates in the Pacific islands by Japan's final withdrawal in 1934 from the League of Nations. On that matter, as in the question also not discussed, of possible Japanese fortification of these islands, the sympathy of the author, who has no use for the policy pursued by the British Government of resistance to Mussolini's Ethiopian undertaking, would be sympathetic to Japan. While his interest is severely practical, it may be questioned whether even here Mr. Macaulay has arrived at any useful conclusion. Trouble is not cured by ignoring it, and the problem, as it must present itself to the British and every other Government interested, is not how to prevent the reversion of her former colonies to Germany, but how to make Germany a contented and well-behaved member of the community of nations. Logically, Mr. Macaulay should advocate the suppression of Germany while there is yet time. In fact, he concludes (p. 202) that "the approach to the subject of colonies is simply and solely economic," and appears to suggest as a solution for the problem the concurrent application of the principles of social credit (p. 203) and reduction of tariffs. Germans will certainly agree with Mr. Macaulay in his conclusion, if not with the remedy suggested.

There are some mistakes of which the most ingenuous is the author's argument, on p. 33, that the adjective in "Permanent Mandates Commission" proves the permanency of the mandates. Here, as in the case of other organs of the League of Nations, the adjective qualifies Commission. Only exceptionally are precise references given for newspapers quoted, and the absence of a map will be regretted by many readers.

The publication of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, which deals with one of the two now existing A mandates (Iraq having attained independent status in 1934), is a contrast in almost every respect to Mr. Macaulay's work. Well-documented and characterised by that accuracy and attention to detail which distinguishes all publications of the Institute, it covers in a readable manner the history of Palestine from the undertaking given to the Arabs, in return for their support in the War by Sir Harry McMahon on behalf of the British Government in 1915, through the Franco-British Sykes-Picot agreement of 1916 foreshadowing the mandatory form, the Balfour declaration of November, 1917, and the Peace Conference with its misunderstandings and disappointments in 1919, to the departure for Palestine in November, 1936, of the British Royal Commission of Enquiry to investigate recent events. The only material change introduced into the situation since then is that, after consultation with the Arab chiefs in the neighbouring countries, the Arab Higher Committee in January lifted its boycott on the giving of evidence before the Commission. The difficulty of the Palestine problem is, apart from Britain's obvious desire to remain in the country for the reasons well set forth on p. 9 of this monograph, all the greater in that the various agreements and undertakings which preceded the conferring of the mandate in 1920 and its confirmation by the Council of the League of Nations in September, 1923, are capable of different constructions, and have, in fact, been differently construed by the Arabs, the Zionists, and the British Government. The antagonistic economic interests of the Arabs and Jews is well dealt with here, as also the economic position of Palestine as a whole, the Jewish immigration to the country since 1919, and the interest in the continuance of that immigration of outside powers, in particular Poland with its 10 per cent. Jewish population. The lack of an index is largely counterbalanced by the very full contents prefixed to the text.

MICHAEL O'NEILL-KING

FICTION

A PLAYWRIGHT'S NOVEL

SPRING HORIZON. By T. C. Murray. (*Nelson*. 7s. 6d.)

If ever there does come into existence a corpus of literature fittingly named Anglo-Irish literature it will have been built up by such books as our people through very affection keep from fading away. One cannot think how else such a thing can happen. If a new novel is seized upon greedily by the English public while scarcely glanced at by the people of this country, it may prove to be quite an excellent novel, but a piece of Anglo-Irish literature it is not likely to turn out. That consciousness from which it has come knows it for its own. But what of Whitman? His work certain critics on this side of the ocean cried up when those who filled the same place in American letters rather shrunk from saying yea or nay. Yes, but surely anyone who knows the uncertain temper of new England criticism in those years—so very like our own in these years, occasionally uttering a wise word, but doing, in the mass of words, always the wrong thing—will guard himself from reckoning the writers of that criticism as voicing the consciousness that Whitman spoke for. They sometimes did, but more often they did not. So that we do not think the case of Whitman upsets the rule. Nor does the fact that men like Dowden and Symonds voted for Whitman make it clear that he was, must have been, of the English consciousness. Scholars are scholars: they understand the half-word: they also understand that, in new work, to come on what they cannot understand, or feel with, may be testimony to the validity of the new work, not to its spuriousness or obtuseness. So that neither they on this side of the Atlantic nor their brother critics on the other side upset our general rule that a book will find welcome from its own people in the first instance if it speaks for them.

This work of T. C. Murray's will find welcome from its own people in the first instance. That does not prove it good work, nor does it prove it Anglo-Irish literature. But two things it goes to show: that it is natural work, and that it *may* turn out to be a bit of Anglo-Irish literature. It would be such a relief if all our novelists in this country were writing naturally, whether in Irish or English.

The story—if story it can be called—prelude is perhaps the better word, is of the development of a boy's mind in the very homely surroundings of his own house, of his own town in county Cork. Our towns are unfortunately all the same: they are market towns and no more. They haven't an idea. And yet occasionally they do throw up boys and girls who even while at school grope for ideas. What a shock one would get if one read of the chairman of an urban council throwing his weight on the side of such amenities as of themselves might induce ideas in the town's life—local museums, orchestras, drama—so on. If such thoughts occur from reading this story it must not be taken that they fill its pages. They are only implicit in it. Many other judgments on our towns are implicit in it also. Only implicit, more often not mentioned at all; at most only hinted at. They come to us because of the reality in the book, the substance. The boy and his two brothers are themselves real, and they move among real people and in real streets; so that to shift one's vision from them to what is actual is only like going from one house to another. The boy has reached the end of his very simple schooling when we part with him. Other books are to follow. If Mr. Murray keeps always as close to the modesty of nature as he does here, his book when finished may prove unique in Anglo-Irish letters. One town anyway in

Ireland may be moved to label itself at its chief gateways "This is T. C. Murray's Carberyshire," as Salisbury and other places in that part of England identify themselves proudly with towns in Hardy's pages.

Perhaps a simpler style—and yet the style on the whole is perfectly simple, only that here and there one does come on a sentence that calls too much attention to itself—may further help to bring this about. Sweets to the sweet and modesty to modesty.

DANIEL CORKERY

PLAQUE WITH LAUREL. By M. Barnard Eldershaw. (*Harraf.* 7/6).

This fine novel comes from a territory comparatively barren of literature in recent years. It is the result of the collaboration of two Australian writers, Marjorie Barnard and Flora Eldershaw, already well-known for their novel "The Glass House." The traces of collaboration are completely absent, so perfect is the fusion of their personalities, so organically unified the style.

The novelist, to give body to his work, must suggest the existence of a credible social framework around his characters—must write out of a complex social and cultural fabric. Perhaps it was the lack of such a fabric which handicapped many Australian writers. The rather deracinated life of the Commonwealth appears to have had a debilitating effect on their work.

The authors of "Plaque with Laurel" however, have surmounted or evaded this obstacle—if it still exists. They have found their material in a miscellaneous gathering of people brought together for the three-day conference of the Australian Writers' Guild at Canberra. The chief event of the Conference is the unveiling of a memorial to the famous novelist, Richard Crile. During those three days—through the memories of Ida Crile, his wife, and of Imogen Tarrant, his mistress; through the gossip of others who did not know him, through the inarticulate loyalty of his friend Jim Walters—the image of the dead man is called up, until his sombre tragedy looms over every trivial incident of the Conference.

The story is made organic, unified and satisfying by masterly literary technique, and the English is a pleasure to read. The authors have a sense of spiritual values—too rare in contemporary literature—and the style has the clarity and certainty which comes from thought clearly realised.

NIAL SHERRIDAN

MRS. MILLER'S AUNT. By George A. Birmingham. (*Methuen.* 7s. 6d.).

The astonishing literary output of Canon Hannay shows no sign of abating. "Mrs. Miller's Aunt" is not likely to cause either a boom or a slump in its author's reputation—it exhibits all the qualities and defects which have come to be regarded as inevitable in a Birmingham novel.

The chief of these defects is a lack of insight. George A. Birmingham has a cheerful, if limited, sense of humour; a talent for amusingly stilted dialogue. But he is unable to conceive or create a convincing character; all his personages are types—their reactions in any given situation can be calculated to the nearest comma. Admirers of his later novels derive, no doubt, considerable solace from them in a world of notoriously shaky values. They will rejoice in this story of Miss Penelope Pine, the severe if tractable aunt; her nephew Allan Miller, a domesticated Empire Builder endowed with the gentler feelings not usually credited to the export variety; and the omniscient clergyman—this time, in order to even things up, he is called Nolan, not Brown.

Ephemeral problems and mild joys abound, culminating in an infant being brought right across Europe to be christened by the Archimandrite of Zab. As usual in this type of novel, money is no object.

NIAL SHERRIDAN

"The Book of the Year"

1916—An Anthology

Compiled by Edna C. Fitz Henry

In Cloth, Cr. 8vo, 112 pp., 5s. net.

An original and splendidly selected collection of verse, embracing all the finest literary works of the Insurrection period. The Authors represented include first the poets of the Insurrection: Pearse, MacDonagh, Plunkett, etc., and second, the literary giants of the time, whose noblest work was inspired by the splendour and self-sacrifice of the rebels.

This anthology is unique both as a work of literature and as a memento of the turning point in our national history.

BROWNE & NOLAN, LTD.

DUBLIN, BELFAST, CORK, WATERFORD, LONDON

YOU CAN
SUPPORT

IRELAND TO-DAY

by patronising
our advertisers

by introducing
our magazine
to your friends

Talbot Press Books

A Standard Work.

THE STAGE IRISHMAN

A History of the Irish Play and Stage Characters from the earliest times.

By G. C. DUGGAN, M.A., C.B. Demy 8vo.,
With many illustrations. 15/- net.

* * * * *

*One of the most widely discussed books ever
Published in Ireland—*

THE FORGED CASEMENT DIARIES

By WILLIAM J. MALONEY, M.D., LL.D.

An unassailable vindication of Casement and an exposure of war-time propaganda methods. With 17 illustrations. 10/6 net.

* * * * *

FRANCIS STUART

writes on

RACING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

in Ireland and elsewhere.

How to make money. . . . How to go racing for pleasure. . . . "Tote" versus "Books." . . . What trainers know about their horses. . . . Is Irish racing crooked? . . . Horses and jockeys. . . . "Form." The Irish Courses. . . . Jumping and flat . . . Last words of advice. 1/- net.

* * * * *

A New Style Cookery Book :

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER ?

By M. DE R. SWANTON.

A most practical cookery book giving menus for dinner for every day of the year. 2/6 net.

Complete List on application to :

THE TALBOT PRESS, LTD.

TALBOT STREET, DUBLIN

And all Booksellers.

THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT. (16 JAN.—15 FEB.)

LABOUR Party annual Congress : Denounced Fascism and Communism, "bitterest enemy of labour"; demanded civilised and Christian existence for workers, and control of public concerns "in a totally different sense to that visualised by government"; will nominate 18 candidates at General Election. Bishop's Lenten Pastorals dealt with Communism, Christian social principles, late marriages, urbanisation, home life. Christian Front first convention of 144 delegates from 17 counties ratified Presidency of Deputy Patrick Belton. Minister for Local Government stated Government's social policy was one to be proud of and that capital provision for housing was of unprecedented magnitude. Bill introduced to aid voluntary charitable societies' relief of poor. Fourth Dublin suburban library of 15,000 books opened at Inchicore. Rotary lecturer stated Irish workers compared favourably with English workers. "New-deal" 5-day week introduced in American film agencies. Unions deny that Dublin drapery is closing down because of "demands of and dictation by trade unions." Drop of attendance of 10,000 in 10 years in Kerry schools. Teachers' meetings demanded the salaries embodied in 1920 arbitration award and security. Attorney-General advised school training suitable for industry. Nurses and attendants struck at Ardee mental hospital for improved conditions. £10,000 a year to be devoted to medical research under Hospitals Trust. Labourer fined under new Employment Act for working during holidays with pay. Bishop of Kildare at G.A.A. Convention stated it was duty of a bishop to be with his people in their laudable temporal gatherings. Journalism was the greatest of the professions since it could do most for humanity, said President de Valera at Journalists' dinner in Dublin.

Lynn Doyle resigned from Censorship Board after few weeks stating machinery unsuitable. Rebuilt Harold's Cross bridge opened as Emmet bridge. President vigorously defended retirement of Ed. McCarron and motion to review defeated. Rates return showed Sligo best county. Patrick Maxwell, Nationalist leader, resigned from Derry Corporation as protest against "gerrymandering" of seats. Man killed by gunmen in Belfast. Police search for arms continued in Belfast and arms and ammunition found abandoned in streets. Justice eased drink restrictions for Dublin dances. Town-planning enquiry at Arklow into appeal of parish priest against building of cinema opposite church.

Chairman at Dublin Chamber of Commerce stated conditions had improved in agriculture and industry. Saorstat banks show increase in deposits and advances. Over 11,000 new motor vehicles registered in Saorstat in 1936, an increase of nearly 2,000 over 1935. E.S.B. sold 207 million units in 1936, an increase of 35 million over 1935. Minister for Industry and Commerce said there were no national grounds for maintenance of inefficient concerns. £200,000 Union Castle Line contracts given Belfast Shipyards. Shoe factory opened in Sligo. Plant for briquetting coal installed at Arigna mines. Broadstone closed as railway station. Special exhibition of hand-wrought ironwork announced for R.D.S. Spring Show.

Fr. MacSheehan, Galway, outlines plan for spread of spoken Irish. Permanent Committee set up to encourage use of Irish in Saorstat Civil Service. Among R.D.S. lecturers were John Drinkwater, and Arthur Bryant. Among lectures on Art were those by Dermot O'Brien and Dr. George Furlong, to Dublin Literary Society; Dr. Eithne Byrne to Academy of Christian Art; Fr. Arthur Little at Catholic Library; and Don Winoc Mertens to Guild of Maoliosa. Dublin Painters held exhibition. Annual report of Friends of National Collections stated "gaps in municipal gallery becoming wider every day"; membership almost doubled during year. Theatre could be ally and instrument of religion, said Bishop of Derry at "Coming of Magi" by Padraic Gregory. Catholic dramatic festival in Belfast. "Pope in Killybuck" by L. J. Walsh, played in Derry, with President of Protestant Society in cast. Stage Society, new theatrical group, formed in Dublin. At Abbey, first performances of "Shadow and Substance" by Paul Carroll and "End of the Beginning" by Sean O'Casey. Abbey Players at Cambridge. Barry Fitzgerald signs long-term film contract in America. Longford Gate Company played "Pride and Prejudice." Cork Little Theatre company played "The Far-Off Hills." At Torch Wilde's "Duchess of Padua." Performance at Warsaw of translation of "Moon in the Yellow River." T.C.D. Historical Society on instructions of College authorities discuss abdication of Edward VIII *in camera*. Paper on "The Economic Dispute" at Presbyterian Association in Dublin, and Erskine Childers welcomed "for his father's sake and his own sake." W. B. Yeats revises his ballad on the Casement Diaries on Alfred Noyes' "noble letter" of explanation. Viola recital by William Primrose at R.D.S. Piano recital by Marcel Ciampi at French Legation.

Malcolm MacDonald disclosed in Commons that in the recent conversations President de Valera strongly urged the unification of Ireland but no scheme was put forward and matter not further discussed. Hugh Pollock, acting Prime Minister, Northern Government, commented that matter "so fantastic as not to be worthy of discussion," and Sir Dawson

Bates, Minister of Home Affairs, that conversations totally useless and waste of time." The Stormont regime was one of mean passions and petty thoughts, declared T. J. Campbell, criticising Lord Craigavon's statement that Partition would be permanent. Lord Mayor of Dublin at dinner in Manchester declared that President de Valera had support of people. Dominican preacher criticised Teachers' Club for renting hall to Friends of Spanish Republic for meeting of sympathy with Madrid government. Dublin man killed with Madrid forces. Spanish primate thanks Cardinal MacRory for church collection of £44,000.

Died: Dr. Patrick Finegan, Bishop of Kilmore for 26 years. Edmund Downey, Waterford doyen of Irish journalists. Sean O Cathain, Irish grammarian. John O'Connor, well-known Dun Laoghaire doctor. Sean Conroy, and Owen Carton, 1916 Citizen Army men. Patrick Devlin, one of the last clay-pipe makers.

Gales and floods. Keepers of Tuskar and Skellig lighthouses relieved after being isolated for many days. Occupier of Westmeath labourer's cottage complained to Board of Health of interference by fairies. Three Clare families refused offer of new houses at 3½d. a week, because not on exact site of old houses. Judge commented in court on remarkable number of cases where wills were lost in solicitors' offices. Son of President de Valera received medical degree and son of Arthur Griffith welcomed in court as barrister. Proposed to supply bawneens to Ballinasloe mental hospital patients. Auction of contents of Moore Abbey, Count McCormack's late Irish home. Law Society "censure" District Justice for placing solicitor in dock for alleged contempt of court and demanded "ample apology."

DENIS BARRY

PROGRESS Through the Years

"Safety and Stability are, first and foremost, the keynotes of our traditional policy."

90th Year

NEW BUSINESS

The net business completed during 1936, after deduction of re-assurance, amounted to

£9,648,900

RECEIPTS

The Company's receipts during 1936 were

£8,063,000

PAYMENTS

To Policyholders or their dependents, and Annuitants, the Company paid during 1936

£5,431,600

ASSETS

Increased during 1936 by £743,800 to £51,886,200 and include special reserves and undivided surplus totalling.

£1,870,600

CANADA LIFE

Assurance Co. ESTABLISHED 1847

J. J. McConnell, Manager
for Irish Free State

9, 10, 11 GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN

Proper Care of the Teeth demands a

HAND-MADE TOOTH-BRUSH

Insist on those made by

SHAMROCK PRODUCTS, LTD.

76 TALBOT STREET, DUBLIN.

(Telephone : 43817.)

AMONGST OUR CONTRIBUTORS TO DATE ARE THE FOLLOWING :—

Dr. Devane
Robert Barton
Prof. Fleischmann
Frank O'Connor
Bryan Guinness
Seumas O'Sullivan
Forrest Reid
John Dowling
Prof. Trench
Frank Pakenham
James Meenan
Dr. Frank Kane
Dr. Robert Geary
Padraic Colum

Sean O Faolain
Prof. Meredith
Francis Hackett
Miss Sheila Kennedy
Bulmer Hobson
Prof. Hogan
Dr. Pollock
Colm O Lochlainn
Peadar O'Donnell
Horace T. O'Rourke
Nicholas Mansergh
Prof. Eoin MacNeill
Brian Coffey
Lawrence Ross

Lennox Robinson
Edward Sheehy
Raymond Calvert
Prof. Tierney
Andrew E. Malone
Niall Sheridan
Eric Linklater
Owen Skeffington
Ernest O'Malley
Lyle Donaghy
Denis Devlin
Donagh MacDonagh
Charles Ewart Milne
Kenneth Reddin

The future holds no less brilliant and representative a company and always too our poems and short story and usual features : Foreign Commentary, Art, Music, Theatre, Film and Book Section, conducted respectively by OWEN S. SKEFFINGTON, JOHN DOWLING, EAMONN O GALLCOBHAIR, SEAN O MEADHRA, LIAM O LAOGHAIRE and EDWARD SHEEHY.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

The Manager

IRELAND TO-DAY

49 Stafford Street, Dublin.

Please send me/us IRELAND TO-DAY for $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{twelve} \\ \text{six} \\ \text{three} \end{matrix} \right\}$ *months,*

post free, for which I/we enclose $\left\{ \begin{matrix} 14s. 0d. \\ 7s. 3d. \\ 3s. 9d. \end{matrix} \right\}$ *in payment (\$4.00 in U.S.A. per annum only).*

Name

Address

.....